

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 28, 1974

75 CENTS

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TEARING UP comes Houston McFarr, a high school junior out of backwoods Florida who has run the 100 in 9.3 six times, has whipped the Russians and has his eyes on the Olympics. Ron Reid pays a visit to the young flesh.

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHEBAUM

SO LONG, GARY...

Now that others are trying to revive the World Football League, one has to strain to catch even a passing mention of Gary Davidson, the fast-talking lawyer who founded the WFL and was instrumental in launching the WHA and ABA. The league offices, previously located in Davidson's hometown of Newport Beach, Calif., have been moved to New York, and the new operatives seem anxious to disassociate themselves from their predecessor, who has come to symbolize the spectacular failure of the WFL's first year.

A similar purge may be going on in the WHA, which also has been based in Newport Beach. On June 1 the 3-year-old hockey league will transfer its headquarters to Toronto and league officials are said to be considering possible new names for their MVP award, which is now called the Gary Davidson Trophy. At the Manhattan offices of the 7-year-old ABA—one venture that was never based in Newport Beach—Executive Director Thurlio McCrady says of the league's first president: "Gary's been gone a long time. Few of our present owners would recognize him if they saw him on the street."

For better or worse, Gary Davidson has been one of the most influential figures in the history of professional sport. We wanted to get that in before he fades from memory entirely. Or before he tries to start another league.

...AND HELLO, JOE?

A key to the WFL's hopes for survival is its \$4 million offer to Joe Namath, a gambit that raises the question of how one brittle-kneed quarterback could possibly be worth so much money. Well, Namath isn't worth it—to the NFL, that is. The NFL enjoys sold-out stadiums and a plump TV package and would be foolish to pay so hugely for something it already has. When Namath's contract expires May 1 the New York Jets will probably refuse to give much

beyond his present \$250,000-plus salary.

But the WFL is up against empty seats, no TV contract and low credibility. This is roughly what the upstart American Football League faced in 1965 when the Jets signed Namath out of college for a then-astounding \$400,000. The Jets believed, correctly, that Namath would help bring respectability, and the WFL's bosses are confident—10 times as confident, to be exact—that he can do it again. Hence their offer: a \$500,000 bonus, a \$500,000 salary for each of the next three years and an annuity paying \$100,000 annually for 20 years after retirement.

The WFL's reasoning is that Namath will pay for himself. He would play for the WFL's Chicago franchise, which would pay the bonus plus half his salary. The club eventually would cover this through a public stock offering and the sale of 3,500 extra season tickets. Joe's presence presumably assuring that Chicagocans would snap up both the stock and the tickets. The remaining \$250,000 in yearly salary would be split among the league's other teams, each of which would pick up the requisite cash in added receipts when Namath-led Chicago comes to town. Namath's presence would also be counted on to seal a network TV deal, the proceeds of which would more than cover the cost of his annuity.

Even should Namath be injured, the WFL might be able to recoup most of its money. Television's heavy thinkers have long felt that Namath would be worth as much in the broadcasting booth as he is on the field. It is conceivable that TV would grab his contract for the chance to use Broadway Joe—or is it Midway Joe?—as a telecaster.

HO-HO-HO

Euphoric after his fifth Masters triumph, Jack Nicklaus phoned his Florida home and got son Steve, 12, on the other end. "Hello, Steve," he said, then waited for the boy to gush appropriately about

Daddy's stirring win at Augusta. Nothing doing.

"Hi," Steve said matter-of-factly.

"How you doing?"

"O.K."

Pause. "Well, did you watch the tournament on TV?"

"Yeah, but I left early."

Subdued voice. "Where'd you go?"

"To play golf. I shot 44 for nine holes.

On the first hole I..."

HE'S BASEBALL'S PREMIUM CATCHER

Currently sidelined by a broken arm, after having previously suffered a shoulder separation, chopped-off fingertip, severe groin injuries and shattered knee, Boston Catcher Carlton Fisk does not go unremembered in the Red Sox program. "We still love you, Carlton," reads the ad placed by Blue Cross-Blue Shield of Massachusetts.

COMING EVENTS

Jerry West vs. Jack Kent Cooke, Tony Perez vs. Muhammad Ali, Chuck Wepner vs. Tony Perez, Howard Porter vs. the NCAA, Dale Hackbart vs. Boobie Clark and the Cincinnati Bengals, The Buffalo Braves vs. Eddie Donovan and the New York Knicks, Joe Kapp vs. the NFL, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar vs. the NBA, Charlie Finley vs. Catfish Hunter, State of Minnesota vs. Dave Forbes.

Check your local court calendar for further details, but scores of disputes involving your favorite sports personalities and teams are heading for litigation. Some of them—including the Hackbart and Forbes cases—grew out of differences that occurred during the heat of competition. But for the most part the glut of pending or threatened lawsuits reflects the complexities of expansionist, big-money sport as well as an emerging awareness by athletes of their real and imagined rights. No longer does University of Wisconsin Law Professor Robert Skilton urge his students, as he once did, to sear the sports pages for neglected legal issues; the issues are now in the headlines. Skilton says, "As in the consumer area and malpractice field, people in sports are becoming far more litigation-conscious."

No doubt about it. So bogged down are NFL owners in various legal suits that there has been talk about postponing their annual June meeting. Too many of them are scheduled to appear in court around that time.

continued

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57

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as this one...**



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EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

Kids used to aspire to be big-league ballplayers completely on their own, but they now have the added prodding of a slick full-color booklet entitled *Baseball: The New Career*. The 28-page publication, distributed by the major leagues to scouts, Little Leagues, college coaches and the like, is worthy of Exxon or IBM, the sort of item you'd expect to find stacked in neat piles in recruiting booths on college campuses and in high school corridors.

The booklet opens with an invitation from Commissioner Bowie Kuhn to "join us in this rewarding, challenging—and historic—profession" and it provides information about average salary (\$43,000) as well as pensions, dental insurance and scholarship benefits. Promising "a journey like no ego trip in the world," it notes that ballplayers stay in

around, blue-chip athletes who might also be considering careers in other pro sports." That makes sense, but there is something disconcerting about the campaign. Nowhere in the booklet is there any hint that special skills might be necessary. But then, job seekers aren't told where to send for application blanks, either.

SLOW HORSE

A horse drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes? Anything's possible, of course, but stewards of the Royal Hong Kong Jockey Club were naturally suspicious when a routine pee-pee drug test at Happy Valley track turned up caffeine and nicotine in the urine of a 5-year-old mare named Viking, entered in the 1½-mile Kwachung Handicap. They scratched the horse and launched an investigation.

The probe led to stableboy Ho Wai-cheung, who confessed his misdeed. Seems that Ho, annoyed when Viking proved slow to provide a urine sample, substituted his own instead. Fired by the Jockey Club, Ho sighed, "I didn't have time to wait around all day, you know."

U MUST BE CAREFUL

The University of Louisville last week re-named a residence hall, until now called simply Dormitory No. 4, in honor of old grad Johnny Unitas, a freshman walk-on who wound up having a pretty fair quarterbacking career. The dorm will be known henceforth as Unitas Tower, school officials having considered and rejected Unitas Hall. Reason? Not only is the 11-story building the tallest on campus, but there were fears that students might make the place sound like a vehicle rental firm. "U-Hall," get it?

CAUTION: RADAR AHEAD

Baltimore Pitcher Ross Grimsley's fastball travels 82 mph and his changeup 62 mph. Teammate Ken Singleton rifles the ball from right field at an 86-mph clip. This intelligence comes from Oriole Manager Earl Weaver, who gleaned it in turn from a battery-powered "radar gun" that gauges the speed of a thrown baseball—or almost any other moving object. Weaver believes the gizmo, which he tried out in spring training, could revolutionize the game.

Certainly it is an improvement over the techniques used in the past to measure the high hard ones of Bob Feller and oth-

er noted fastballers. Such exercises involved throwing the ball past a stationary electronic "eye," then translating elapsed time into a miles-per-hour figure. The 2½-pound radar gun, an adaptation of the radar units police use to nab speeders, is portable and instantaneous. You just point it and pull the trigger. The ball can be moving either toward the radar beam or away from it, and the speed is registered on a dial.

Weaver welcomes the device as a long-overdue way of grading throwing arms at every position. "You see a ball die on the infield, and everybody thinks the outfielder has a weak arm," he says, "but the radar gun tells you the ball's speed before it hits the ground. Maybe a soft infield was the problem." The Baltimore manager also sees the gun as a potential scouting aid. "A kid throws a fastball at 85 but dips to 80 the next year. If he's losing velocity at an early age, maybe he's not such a good prospect. Also, it's tough to tell a pitcher he's losing his fastball and should start using breaking balls. With this machine, it's right there in black and white."

The manufacturer, Oregon's JoPaul Industries, Inc., is showing the gun—the price is \$1,325—to other big-league clubs, and applications in tennis and soccer are possible. The Orioles are checking out other radar units before buying, but the development has already lent a new dimension to Weaver's managerial thinking. "Grimsley has a good change-up," he says. "We could get all our pitchers to try for a 20-mph difference between fastballs and changeups."

THEY SAID IT

- Milt May, Houston catcher, upon stealing a base for the first time in his five-year big-league career: "I thought they'd stop the game and give me second base."
- Carmen Cozza, Yale football coach, on his efforts to recruit highly touted Quarterback Joe Rennie, son of Harvard's coach: "If he comes to Yale, I'll be willing to send my daughter to Radcliffe. Fair is fair."
- Phil Johnson, Kansas City Kings coach, on the rough treatment Tiny Archibald was getting from the Chicago Bulls: "We're going to get him a tear-away jersey."
- Catfish Hunter, booed by home fans after losing his first two starts as the New York Yankees' \$3.75 million pitcher: "I'd have booed me, too." **END**



first-class hotels, play before millions on TV and appear at sports awards banquets. Telecaster Joe Garagiola and investment counselor Hank Greenberg are cited as living proof of postbaseball opportunities and there are encomiums from such diverse figures as Dwight Eisenhower ("Baseball is a wonderful sport for American youth") to Kansas City's 5'4" Fred Patek ("You don't have to be a big man to make it in baseball").

Emphasizing that there is no shortage of ballplayers, Bob Witz, a publicist in the commissioner's office, says that the booklet is aimed mostly at "the all-

When your taste grows up,
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Once I smoked just to be like everybody else.
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FTC Report OCT. '94.



A BEAUT OF A BRAWL

Washington and Buffalo, two of the best, beat up on each other in a rugged and unpredictable NBA playoff series

by PAT PUTNAM

There were more than a few empty seats in Buffalo's Memorial Auditorium last Friday night, which was a little hard to understand considering that two of the three best teams in the NBA East—maybe in the entire league—were going at each other in a semifinal playoff series that was as close as a series could be. The game was on national television but blacked out locally, so that wasn't the reason for the no-shows, and neither was the weather, which was absolutely balmy for Buffalo. Long on the smarts but short on faith, the missing fans apparently had decided that they did not want to witness an execution, specifically of their Braves by the Washington Bullets. Sure, the Braves had won the first game, but in the next two the Bullets had chopped them up badly. And besides, the Braves hadn't won a single home game against the Bullets all year. So, knowing exactly what kind of a contest they would see, several thousand of the faithless elected to watch a rerun of *Sanford and Son*.

But the thing about Game Four in this bearpit of a series was that it was like the others only in that it was different. The first three had gone decisively one way or the other and had turned, more often than not, on what happened in the third quarter. Buffalo won the first game rather easily 113-102, but there was a suspicion, which was reinforced after the next two games, that Buffalo had caught the Bullets on an unusually bad night. How often, for instance, could a club as lacking in size as Buffalo limit Wes Unseld and Elvin Hayes to just 16 rebounds between them? Unseld led the NBA in rebounding; Hayes was eighth.

But Unseld's rebounding championship had a price. In the final days of the season the burly 6'7" center played many more minutes than usual, and at last his damaged left knee rebelled. For the first time since it was operated on last summer, the knee had

continued

A shot bounces around aloft. Elbows out and ready to go after it are the Braves' Smith, Heard and McAdoo and the Bullets' Unseld, Hayes and Westthompson.



to be drained, and he was unable to work out the two days preceding the first game. On opening night he was operating at maybe 50% effectiveness.

The Bullets also had trouble with Buffalo's speed and tough defense. Elvin Hayes scored 20 points, a so-so night for him. And Phil Chenier, he of the picture-book jumper, who is deadly when right, was mostly wrong, hitting on only nine of 21 shots. Washington's third scorer, Mike Riordan, was in a scoring slump. But mostly Washington never got its offense untracked because the Braves' Randy Smith effectively closed off little Kevin Porter's penetration. Porter, driving and dealing off, led the NBA in assists, but he had just four in the game.

Controlling the boards, Buffalo's fast-break offense had Washington spinning. Bob McAdoo, the league's MVP, finished with 35 points, Gar Heard and Smith with 24 each.

"I haven't seen a team run by us like that all year," said K. C. Jones, the Washington coach. "We were absolutely terrible. The only sure way to keep McAdoo from going to the basket is to put a bomb in his car when we get to Buffalo."

Riordan was more reflective and, as it turned out, prophetic about how the series would go. "It's going to be like this," he said. "Each team will be trying to establish its game. Ours is boards, control and team defense. Theirs is running, forcing turnovers and McAdoo. Between the three teams—us, Boston and Buffalo—the pecking order hasn't been established. Any of the three could be the best. Like tonight. We had it in the first half, our game. Then Unseld got a little fatigued, and in the third quarter suddenly they started. At first it's subtle. They're a step quicker to the ball, we miss a couple of fast breaks. Soon they're running, getting loose balls, and they are beating us. Then we have to change things and we're playing even worse."

Out on the court, meanwhile, several thousand Washington fans had remained to watch Tony Roberts' postgame show on the Capital Center's huge Teloscreen. His guest was Smith, whose introduction drew a few boos.

"Well, Randy—a big game for the Braves," Roberts said. "The Bullets have lost only six games at home this year and three were to Buffalo."

"Yeah, well, we don't think Washington is such an unbeatable team," offered the 6'3" swiftie.

The boos grew louder.

"Ah, yes," said Roberts. "Well, Randy, I might add that the Bullets won both games the teams played in Buffalo."

"True. But you know if they expect to win there Saturday they are going to have to play a lot harder than they did tonight."

Up in the stands, a fan whipped off a sneaker and threw it toward Smith. A few beer cups sailed down. It was a short interview.

For the second game Unseld's ice-down knee was back in working order, and he swept the boards for 25 rebounds, 10 of them at the offensive end. Hayes added 16, giving the pair 41, five more than the entire Buffalo team. The Braves' running game was slowed to a jog.

Hayes solved a problem, too. In the opener McAdoo played off him, let him make a move and then was content to stick a blinding hand in his face when he shot. It was effective. And the Braves had been able to forget about Unseld and put two or sometimes three men on Hayes. But when Unseld drilled home his first two shots in the second game, both 20-footers, half Buffalo's stop-Hayes strategy went down the drain. The Braves no longer could ignore the Bullet center.

With only McAdoo to contend with, Hayes began to hit with his 15-foot turnaround jump shot. And McAdoo began to guess. Hayes was home free. He scored 34 points and Washington won easily 120-106.

"Well, we've had it both ways," said Buffalo Coach Jack Ramsay after Game Two. "We rebounded and ran in the first one; they rebounded and kept us from running in the second. But we have a lot of confidence in ourselves. Even though we were underdogs, I honestly think we were a little overconfident."

The series moved back to Washington for Game Three, and the Braves were in trouble almost immediately when Smith, the only man with a chance of stopping Porter, picked up three quick fouls in the first quarter and sat out nearly 14 minutes of the half. The way Porter was playing, it might not have mattered. From the opening tip-off, he was a cobra gone mad. The 5'11" guard would quickly bring the ball down, dazzle everyone with a dozen or so fakes and then crash the middle, dealing off, in the end, for 13 assists while scoring 19 points on his own.

"I figure I could have had a few more

points if they'd start calling a few fouls when I drive," said Porter. "Can you believe they only called one my way all night? I guess I'm known as a fouler, and all the officials look for me to foul. Not the other way around."

When Porter is driving well, everything is going in the Washington offense, and the Bullets began dismantling the Buffalo defense.

Still, Washington had a few problems of its own. Riordan, who averaged 15.4 points during the regular season, was unable to shake his scoring slump, and was replaced by Nick Weatherspoon. The lanky second-year man out of Illinois had the responsibility of stopping McAdoo, who at one time or another in the series had been guarded by everyone in Washington but Nancy Kissinger.

"It's a challenge," said Weatherspoon, "but I love challenges in basketball. McAdoo is such a great player all you can do is try to contain him."

McAdoo scored 34 points.

"But it was a bad 34," Ramsay said later. "Any time you hit on only 13 of 35 shots, you are taking bad shots. We're all taking bad shots."

At halftime Washington led by only a point, 53-52, and the game was still waiting to be broken open. And then, as it had in the first game, came the third-quarter spurt. Chenier, who had scored nothing in the first quarter and only four points in the second, had 18 in the third and 10 of the Bullets' last 12 to move them into an 81-70 lead. He finished with 28, Hayes with 30, and the final score of the third game was 111-96.

Again, Unseld and Hayes were busy on the boards, including the offensive end, and when they didn't come down in complete control, they still were managing to keep the ball alive for a teammate.

"When you can control the ball for 35 or 40 seconds at a time with second and third shots, that puts an awful lot of pressure on the other team's defense," said Chenier. "And even if you don't eventually score, they are so tired from playing defense it slows down their running game."

No longer suffering from overconfidence, the Braves climbed out of bed at 5:30 the next morning, flew to Buffalo, and by 11 were at the Auditorium. For 35 minutes they looked at a film of the previous night's defeat, and then they listened to a 45-minute lecture from

Ramsay. After that they practiced.

"We've been relying too much on bursts," said Ramsay. "We've got to be able to do things when we're not getting the rebounds to trigger the fast break."

"It's like a tennis game," observed Jim McMillian, an important cog in the Braves' offense who had not been having a very good playoff. "They had first serve on their home court—the advantage—and we broke it. Then we had the advantage. And they broke it. Then they held their advantage. Now we have to hold ours and then go down there and break theirs again."

For the first half of the fourth game it appeared very much that Washington

might break Buffalo again and go up 3-1 in the series. With Hayes, Chener and Weatherspoon producing most of the points, and only McAdoo able to generate anything for Buffalo, Washington held a nine-point lead at halftime.

Later Guard Ken Charles would remember that all the Braves suddenly made up their minds that they had nothing to lose by becoming very physical in the second half.

"It looked like we were about to give them their third game," he said. "We decided it was do or die. We had to go out and play our game. We had nothing to lose by bumpin' and pushin' and runnin'. So we did.

"And then Mr. McAdoo got hot, and when Mr. McAdoo gets hot all you got to do is give him the ball and get out of the way. Nothing's easier. We could be down by 50 and if Mr. McAdoo gets hot we'll get back."

"This was a very important game," McAdoo said. "I just decided there was no way they were going to stop me. And when I am hitting my shots, I don't care how much defense they put on me. All I had to do was concentrate."

Once again, the game swung around in the third quarter. McAdoo poured in 15 points in that period, leading Buffalo to a 78-75 advantage. In the fourth he added 15 more and the Braves had evened the series with a 108-102 victory that was not as close as the score indicated. McAdoo's night consisted of 50 very good points, 21 rebounds, two steals, two blocked shots and one assist.

On the Braves' side, Hayes suffered a kind of paralysis. He didn't take a shot in the third quarter and made only one of the four he attempted in the fourth—a breakaway dunk—before fouling out with 6:22 left to play.

"I think Elvin stopped playing when he was given his fourth personal," said McMillian, who scored 18 to end his own slump. "He didn't seem to do anything after that. He seemed afraid to pick up his fifth foul."

Hayes' paralysis was short-lived and, characteristically, the fifth game was unlike any of the preceding four. On Sunday, spurred perhaps by his non-performance of two nights previous, Hayes played like a man possessed.

"Today it was down to the money and you can't waste any time, you got to put it all in there," he said after Washington had won the game 97-93. "I went right into my shot and thank God it was there."

With the Buffalo defense designed to sag and surround him every time he touched the ball, Hayes quickened his release, drilled home 11 of his first 12 shots and finished with 46 points, the last 16 in the fourth quarter. McAdoo had 34 points but a bad shooting afternoon and, for a change, the game hung in the balance until the very end, when Unseld, who again dominated the boards, put in an offensive rebound with five seconds to play. As McMillian might say: 3-2, advantage Washington. And back to Buffalo to see what McAdoo might serve up.

END

Hayes, whose offense was erratic, blocks a shot put up by McMillian, as Unseld eyes the play.





WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE'S IRE

Los Angeles and Cincinnati have the most inflammatory rivalry in baseball and it's off to a blazing start this season

by **RON FIMRITE**

The message board at Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles is among the chattiest in all of baseball. It reads a little like a Hollywood three-dot gossip column, shamelessly dropping names, celebrating noteworthy birthdays, identifying visiting celebrities, nattering on remorselessly for nine innings—a kind of electronic Rona Barrett. And should a game enter extra innings, as did the concluding contest in last week's tense Dodger-Reds series, the message board grows positively ecstatic over the prospect of gushing even more.

In the 10th inning of last Thursday's game it exulted, "How do you like the Reds-Dodgers series so far? . . . Six games . . . Three wins each . . . And now

extra innings in the seventh game. . . ." And in the 11th it advised the fans, "Four of six decided by one run . . . It's a wild West again. . . ." "West," in this instance, referred to the Western Division of the National League, which for the past two seasons has been the exclusive province of these two superb teams. In 1973 the Reds won the division championship, and the Dodgers, though winning 95 games, finished second. In 1974 the Dodgers won it, and the Reds, though winning 98 games, were second.

There are, to be sure, four other teams in the division but, competitively, they are in another league. So the message board knew what it was talking about. The West is wild only when these rivals

have at one another. Even in the first two weeks of the season, long before they had time to put distance between themselves and the rest of the pack, their games were as fast and pressure-packed as any played in a championship series.

"I don't think there's a rivalry like ours in either league," says Reds Manager Sparky Anderson. "The Giants are supposed to be the Dodgers' natural rivals, but I don't think the feeling is there anymore. It's not there the way it is with us and the Dodgers."

"And we have the two best attendance records in baseball," adds Reds star Pete Rose. "Any time you have the fans participating in games the way they do in ours, you've got a good rivalry going."

Rose should know something about fan participation in Los Angeles. For the past two seasons—and for reasons still not entirely clear to him—he has been verbally abused as well as having fruit and vegetables heaped upon him by the rowdies who inhabit the left-field pavilion in Dodger Stadium. Last week was no exception. Rose was struck on the leg by the same baseball he had tossed to a fan after it had gone foul, a conciliatory gesture obviously lost on the ingrate.

L.A. rowdies shelled Reds Pete Rose with assorted fruit, vegetables and a smoke bomb.

The Dodgers and the Reds were in the middle of the standings last week for the single reason that they had done little this season but play each other. Of their first 10 games, seven were between themselves. They opened the season together in Cincinnati, the Reds sweeping the series with three one-run victories. After a three-game pause they resumed play in Dodger Stadium. This time it was the Dodgers who did the sweeping, winning four games by scores of 5-2, 3-1, 7-6 and 5-4. The last two were as consistently exciting as any likely to be played all season.

On Wednesday night, Juan Marichal, a Dodger nemesis for 14 years when he was a San Francisco Giant, made what was simultaneously his regular-season home debut and his swan song in a Los Angeles uniform. This was to be his final try at recovering what remained of the magic that had enabled him to win 243 games and almost certain admission to the Hall of Fame.

But he survived only two and two-thirds innings and was succeeded by Rick Rhoden, who will replace him in the starting rotation, and inevitably, Mike Marshall. The Reds entered the seventh inning with a surprisingly comfortable 6-2 lead. Then they came a cropper. With two out, two men on and two balls and no strikes on Bill Buckner, Anderson replaced his tiny left hander, Fred Norman, with fastballer Pat Darey. Darey walked Buckner to load the bases and bring to bat Jim Wynn, who is, in the eyes of the pavilion residents, Errol Flynn to Rose's Basil Rathbone. Wynn responded to the fans' entreaties by hitting a game-tying grand-slam home run. It was the fourth straight game in which he had hit a homer and the first Dodger grand slam since Wynn himself hit one last Sept. 15 against—who else?—the Reds.

The crowd of 36,578 responded to his feat with a frenzied celebration that included firecrackers, half-a-dozen fist-fights and the obligatory tossing of oranges at the suddenly forlorn Rose.

There was another hysterical demonstration when the dour Marshall came on to pitch the eighth. Iron Mike worked that inning with his customary one-two-three dispatch, but he was in trouble in the ninth when Rose hit a line-drive single to left that Buckner misplayed into a

two-base error. With Rose on third, Marshall was due to face Joe Morgan, Johnny Bench and Tony Perez. But to pavilion chants of "Iron Mike, Iron Mike," Marshall subdued them on three ground-ball outs.

In the L.A. ninth Wynn got a chance for further derring-do when he came to bat with the bases loaded again. A sacrifice fly would win the game, but Wynn did not rise to this occasion. Doug Flynn, a baby-faced rookie third baseman, did, catching Wynn's foul pop-up after bouncing down the steps into the Dodger dugout. "I wasn't even sure it was legal to catch a ball in there," said Flynn.

When Wynn does not win games for the Dodgers, First Baseman Steve Garvey does. He won this one with a single to center that scored Rick Auerbach.

After Marichal was taken out he asked his old friend, Dodger pinch hitter Manny Mota, to chat with him while he removed his uniform. He had decided to retire, he told Mota, because, at 36 and with his once whistling fastball a fading memory, "I cannot help this team." The two dined afterward at Tonitas, a Los Angeles restaurant frequented by Latin athletes. "There is a picture of me on the wall there that was taken in 1960," Marichal said. "I looked so thin, so good, so young." The next morning he advised the Dodger front office of his decision and said goodbye to his teammates.

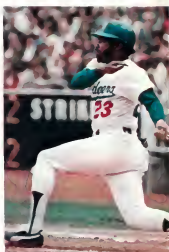
"He was the best pitcher I ever faced," said Pete Rose.

Marichal's melancholy departure coincided with the happy return of Cincinnati Pitcher Gary Nolan, who had missed nearly all of the last two seasons with a sore right shoulder. He had a calcium spur removed from the shoulder last May, and had carefully and, it seems, successfully nurtured the sore arm.

"With Nolan back, we are a stronger team than last year," said Second Baseman Morgan. "The Dodgers are a weaker one because they don't have Tommy John for even part of a season."

John's comeback from surgery was not as successful as Nolan's, and he is still on the sidelines. The Dodgers were not only without John but they also had lost for varying periods Shortstop Bill Russell (broken hand) and Catcher Steve Yeager (massive charley horse).

Nolan's comeback was proceeding nicely until he was removed for a pinch hitter in the eighth inning of Thursday's game. He had given up seven hits and two



Jim Wynn hit four homers in four games.

runs and was trailing 2-1 when he departed. Rose singled in the tying run in the eighth, but the score would be tied twice more, the last time by a clutch Garvey single with two out in the ninth. The game was finally won with two out in the 11th when Wynn and Garvey singled (Garvey's fifth hit of the day) and Willie Crawford hit a sharp ground ball that went through the legs of substitute First Baseman Dan Driessen for an error. Wynn scored the winning run from second.

It was the fifth one-run win of the seven games the Reds and Dodgers played, and it was the second straight game the Dodgers had rescued when all seemed lost. "It was just another Dodger win," said the irrepressible Garvey.

Attendance for the four games was 141,578, a figure that enhances the Dodgers' hopes of becoming the first baseball team to draw three million spectators in a season. Those hopes should be nearer realization when the Reds next come to Los Angeles on Aug. 1. By then the two teams should be running pretty much by themselves in the race for the division championship. Dodger fans, spoiled rotten already, may be in for still more thrills.

AND

WHO SAID PENGUINS CAN'T FLY?

Winging through the early Stanley Cup rounds, Pittsburgh drew capacity-plus crowds, but unless they bump into a financial angel sometime soon, the Penguins will continue to be an endangered species **by MARK MULVOY**

Too bad, Pittsburgh. Just when the Penguins produce a winning hockey team, just when a 19-year-old named Pierre Larouche is as big an autograph in the Golden Triangle as Franco Harris or Willie Stargell, just when scholarly goaltender Gary Inness pulls a Mazerowski on another team from New York, just when Dave Burrows perfects his Mean Joe Greene act on defense, they all may be departing for Denver or Seattle—and not just for a short holiday.

On the ice the Pittsburgh franchise has become as solid as the vaults at Mellon Bank. The Penguins, who in seven previous seasons never had come close to winning as many games as they lost, started this season as a no-name gang plus Vic Hadfield. Eighty games later they were at 37-28-15, the sixth-best regular-season record in the 18-team NHL. And along the way some of the no-names lost their anonymity, e.g.: Center Syl Apps, MVP in the All-Star Game; the irrepressible M. Larouche, the league's flashiest rookie; the fidgety Inness, who leads Ken Dryden three degrees to two in hockey's brain race; and the sturdy Burrows, the game's best defensive defenseman. In the first round of the Stanley Cup playoffs the Penguins briskly dispatched the hated St. Louis Blues in two straight games. Then, thanks to Inness' uncanny stand-up shot blocking, they streaked to three straight wins over the New York Islanders last week, but the Islanders staved off elimination Sunday afternoon with a 3-1 victory.

Off the ice the Penguins are an endangered species. The club is more than \$3 million deep in red ink, not including its delinquencies to the NHL, and will be moved to either Denver or Seattle at the end of the playoffs unless team President Tad Potter finds fresh investors. "I don't dare go out to lunch anymore," says Potter. "I've got to stay close to my phone in case a potential buyer calls. My close friend Peter Burchfield, my mother, my cousin and her husband, my aunt and I have 66% of the stock and, thus, control of the team. The rest of the ownership is

well spread out. In fact, 25 guys own a total of 5%, and I know they're scattered all over the country. At the start I tried to solve the financial problems in such a way that I could retain control, but I'm afraid it's not possible. In today's financial climate no investor will pour \$3 million into something without acquiring control. So I'm ready to bite the bullet."

Back in January the NHL leaked word that the Pittsburgh franchise would be transferred if there were not an immediate upsurge in both attendance at the

Civic Arena and investor interest shown by local money men. When he returned from the Super Bowl, Pittsburgh Mayor Peter Flaherty called a breakfast meeting of civic leaders and organized a "Save the Penguins" drive. His wife Nancy took an office alongside Potter's and spent weeks phoning the presidents of local companies, imploring them to purchase blocks of tickets for the remaining Penguin games. Nancy's sweet talk obviously worked, for Pittsburgh's average attendance jumped from 10,117 to 12,885



Irrepressible Pierre Larouche, the NHL's top-scoring rookie, provides Pittsburgh with fire



Curshot so far in the playoffs, the Penguins have been saved by Garry Inness' goaltending.

for the last 17 games. Better still, the Penguins have attracted capacity-plus crowds of more than 13,000 for each of their three home playoff games.

But local investors are still not reaching for their wallets. "I don't understand it," Potter says. "The club's going well, they're adding 3,000 seats to the building, and still nothing has happened here. The three groups I'm talking to now are from Philadelphia, Seattle and New York. Who knows what they'll do if they buy control?"

There are no hidden reasons for the financial plight of the Penguins. The small capacity of the Civic Arena ensures nickel-and-dime-sized profits even with full houses, and in 1972, when the NHL-WHA war inflated player salaries more than 100%, the Penguins began to report annual losses of up to \$1 million. The club's cash-flow position is so bad that it recently held a flea-market sale of used equipment, pulling more than \$2,500. At the same time the Penguins were an inferior product on the ice until crafty Jack Button took over as general manager midway through the 1973-74 season and brought in fiery Marc Boileau as coach.

"We were hardly an entertaining team," Button says. "We had Burrows on defense and the line of Apps, [Jean] Pronovost and [Lowell] MacDonald. That was all." Living on the phone, Button acquired tough guys Bob (Battleship)

Kelly, Steve Durban and Bob Paradise, and for the first time the Penguins started to hit back. Inness was moved up from Canadian college ranks after a short stop in Hershey; then Button obtained Vic Hadfield and his \$200,000-per-year contract from the New York Rangers.

"What we still didn't have," Button says, "was a player who would get the fans out of their seats. We had a lot of good steady hockey players, the guys you need to win. We didn't have anyone with flair." Enter Pierre Larouche of Amos, Quebec.

Larouche has flair. He was 18 years old at the time of the draft and the Montreal Canadiens called to say that they were thinking about making him one of their five first-round picks. "Don't bother," Larouche said. "If you draft me, you'll send me right to the minor leagues. I'm good enough to play in the NHL now. If you draft me, I'll sign with the World Hockey Association." Forewarned, the Canadiens passed on Larouche, and Button made him Pittsburgh's No. 1 selection and the eighth pick in the entire draft. Two days later Button received a telegram: YOU ARE INVITED TO ATTEND THE FIRST ANNUAL PIERRE LAROUCHE INVITATIONAL GOLF TOURNAMENT IN AMOS, QUEBEC. BRING YOUR OWN CLUBS. PIERRE.

Larouche, who carries a one handicap, introduced himself to the Penguins by

beating Hadfield, a golf pro in the off-season, in the club's training-camp tournament. "Vic said I cheated, that I moved the ball with my foot in the rough," Larouche says. "So we played again, and I beat him again. He had another excuse that time, but I forget what it was."

In Pittsburgh the baby-faced Larouche naturally has been the target of many of his teammates' jokes. One day Battleship Kelly invited Larouche to join him for a postpractice drink at the Jamestown Inn. When the waiter brought them their beers, Kelly warned him not to serve Larouche because he was underage. Another day Paradise complained that Boileau had scheduled a 2 p.m. practice because "Pierre doesn't get out of school until 1:30." However, when the needling gets too personal, Larouche will silence a mate like Hadfield by reminding him, "When I was a little kid, Vic, I used to watch you on television."

Larouche has what the gentleness who covers hockey for *The New York Times* calls a "fetching" look, and he quickly captivated the crowds in Pittsburgh with his smooth skating, precise stickhandling and quick, hard shots. There is some Jean Beliveau in his erect skating stride, some Stan Mikita in his deft moves with a stick and some Phil Esposito in his quick reactions around the net. Playing regularly between Kelly and Chuck Arnason, Larouche scored 31 goals and had 37 assists for 68 points to lead the NHL rookies. "Like most young kids," he says, "I'm a little cocky. Hey, I believe in myself. Am I the best rookie? Sure I am. Why should I say that someone else is the best rookie?"

Near the end of the season a radio station sponsored a "Date with Pierre" contest in which the winner would indeed get a date with Larouche. There were more than 1,500 entrants, including grandmothers, mothers, daughters and a 4-year-old girl who informed Pierre that her measurements were 24-28-26. Larouche met the winner, 20-year-old Karen Ahearn, a secretary, at center ice. "And what is it," the announcer asked, "that a young Frenchman would say to a girl on their very first date?" Larouche laughed. "*Voulez-vous coucher avec moi ce soir?*" he said unabashedly. Maybe Pittsburgh's not ready for little Pierre.

END



THE MAN WHO STOOD SPORT ON ITS HEAD

... or, for better or worse (and lately worse), tried to. Jack Scott led the radical movement in athletics and got to test his ideas at Ohio's Oberlin. Now he is embroiled in the Petty Hearst case, some famous sports figures are being grilled by the FBI and the rebellion he headed has lost followers and its fierceness
by RAY KENNEDY

One thing for sure," says Jack Scott, educator, sports activist and runaway, "everyone will think twice before hassling us now. I mean, I can't wait to meet Pete Rozelle and see that new look of respect when he knows that Patty Hearst and the S.L.A. are behind us."

Scott, looking wan and about as violent as a kumquat, was back among the visible last week, alive and well enough to indulge in grim humor, a luxury he could ill afford while being sought for questioning by the FBI as the alleged protector of Patty Hearst. Indeed, the leading—and now the most notorious—champion of the radical sports movement knows all too well that there are more hassles ahead and they could be the most trying of his controversial career.

So here he is up from the underground, 33 and reed thin, reddish fringe beard and halo of thinning hair, looking for all the world like Mr. Peepers at a PTA meeting. But what happened to those sinister black shades? Who disguised that menacing shaved skull? "That picture," says Scott, referring to a wirephoto that accompanied such headlines as SCOTT: ARMED AND DANGEROUS, "set the tone for depicting us as crazed, gun-shooting nuts." The offending photo, he says, was taken in 1973. "I had shaved my head because of a bad scalp rash," he explains. "They must have 40 or 50 other pictures of me in a suit and tie but they picked that one I guess because they thought



Scott remains optimistic though expecting jail.

that's what a criminal should look like."

The photo only served to add to the mystery of the man, Syracuse University sprinter, *Ramparts* sportswriter, Ph. D. in higher education from Berkeley. Co-founder with wife Micki of the Institute for the Study of Sport and Society. Author of *Athletics for Athletes* and *The Athletic Revolution*. Oberlin College athletic director. Sponsor of Dave Meggys's *Out of Their League*, a condemnation of the evils of win-at-any-cost football. And most recently the houseguest and confidant of Bill Walton.

"It would be pretentious of us to speak of our work as anything but part of a long tradition," says Scott in a soft, almost somnolent way. Though he traces the origins as far back as a 1929 Carnegie Report, which decried the blatant commercialism in major college sports, what is known as the radical sports movement was inspired by the civil rights agitation of the mid-1960s, came thrusting to the fore with the Black Power salutes of John Carlos and Tommie Smith at the 1968 Mexico City Olympics, and was swept along in the subsequent tides of antiwar protests, the counter culture and Women's Liberation.

Scott began attracting attention after the 1968 Olympics by charging, with tongue firmly in cheek, that many authoritarian coaches "have problems with latent homosexuality." In such ponderous-sounding forums as Intercollegiate Athletics and Higher Education: A Sociological Evaluation, a course that Scott taught at Berkeley in 1970, he formalized his assault on organized sports as "one of the most conservative, narrow and encrusted segments of our society." In his writings he railed against payoffs and the "quasi-militaristic manner" of "racist, insensitive" coaches who rob sport of its "best justification—that it's fun to do."

Meggys, a former Syracuse star lineman who quit the St. Louis Cardinals to huddle with Scott for four months and complete *Out of Their League*,

continued

**THE
ATHLETIC
REVOLUTION**
by Jack Scott



*Out of
Their
League*



**MEAT ON
THE HOOF**



VINCENT
MATTHEWS
WITH
DAVE MEGGYS

**MY
RACE
BE
WON**

weighed in with a virulent insider's attack on the "dehumanizing conditions" and "violence and sadism" of big-time football. The controversy stirred by the Meggerys broadside in 1970 loosed in turn a salvo of similar books, for example, Vince Matthews' *My Race Be Won* and Paul Hoch's *Rip-off the Big Game*. "Until that time," says Scott, "the only athletes who wrote about sport were those who had gotten the best out of the system and were prone to be adulatory. It was like Rockefeller trying to take a hard look at America."

Scott's Oakland apartment soon became a kind of halfway house for disenfranchised athletes. Chip Oliver, who split from the Oakland Raiders to write *High for the Game*, a drug-oriented account of his brief, spaced-out fling in the NFL, passed through. So did George Sauer Jr., the gifted wide receiver who left the New York Jets in 1971 at the peak of his powers because, as he stated in a release he prepared with Scott, the system was designed "to keep players in a prolonged state of adolescence."

That gave Scott a reputation as the coach of the cop-outs. Still trying to shake the tag, he says that Meggerys and Sauer made up their own minds to quit while Oliver dropped out and wrote his book long before he met him. "Somehow everyone thinks that we're trying to convince people to quit," says Scott, "but in fact the whole thrust of our work is for people to be allowed to participate in sports. After all, you can't change a system by leaving it."

Nor can you walk right in and start radicalizing. The growing acceptance of many of Scott's theories was borne out in 1971 when the University of Washington offered him an assistant professorship in women's physical education. However, fear of his possible destructive influence prevailed. Under heavy pressure from the faculty, the school withdrew the bid, Scott sued and settled out of court for \$10,500.

"Instead of always tearing things down," Scott was told frequently, "why don't you try to build something?" He got precisely that opportunity in 1972 when, through the efforts of his young, progressive president, Robert Fuller, Oberlin appointed Scott athletic director. A small (enrollment: 2,700) liberal arts and music institution on the plains of Ohio, Oberlin seemed a fittingly open setting for Scott to put his words to work.

True, J.W. Heisman of Heisman Trophy fame coached there (1892 and 1894), but the school was prouder of the fact that it was one of the first white colleges to admit blacks (1835) and the first to admit women (1837). Scott figured he could find a home at a school that had nurtured a radical young head like Rennie Davis.

He was wrong. Partly through Scott's urging, four of his 14 staffers resigned. Scott hired blacks—Tommye Smith as track coach, Pat Penn for basketball and Cass Jackson to head up the football program—and added classes in Sports and the Mass Media and Body-Mind Unity through Gymnastics. According to Scott, "All of a sudden people were in a panic." In May 1973 a list of complaints about his department, signed by 216 athletes and phys ed students, was published in the campus paper. By January of last year, 18 months after he took command, Scott found himself fighting dismissal and settled for \$42,000 on the remainder of his four-year contract.

What happened? Some Oberlin critics told SI Writer-Reporter Jim Kaplan that many of Scott's programs were not without merit but he alienated potential converts by his authoritarian ways—exactly the Lombardi approach to sports he has so long decried. If someone disagreed with him, it became not a question of discussion but of loyalty. They claim Scott even resorted to physical and economic threats to achieve his goals. "Scott encouraged the removal of members of the faculty because of ideology," says Larry Shinn, head of the Athletic Advisory Committee. "We have tenure to protect against such tactics. This is where the rhetoric of the athletic revolution has no meaning—in his actions."

Others chastise Scott for having a letter published in an education journal that accused one of the Oberlin deans of being a racist. They also charge that his free use of other inflammatory words, like "sexist," helped divide the women and the blacks, and that he got the honors for introducing women to the cross-country and swimming teams and increasing the women's sports budget when these things were accomplished largely without his influence. Overall, some faculty members criticize Scott's lack of administrative experience (the phys ed department has been left in a shambles as respected coach-professors have departed) and deplore the fact that Scott did not have a phys ed degree. "That's like

appointing a guy who has just written a book of poetry the head of the English department," says Swimming and Cross-Country Coach Dick Michaels.

Tommye Smith is now a wistful figure, living with his 7-year-old son in campus housing, making \$14,599 a year as the unwilling interim athletic director and spending at least \$1,000 on babysitters. He is ineffective, overworked and disappointed by Oberlin's de-emphasis of intercollegiate sports. "My philosophy of athletics and Oberlin's are different," he says. "I look on sport as a Porsche. The school looks on it as a Volkswagen."

The current head of the phys ed department, Ruth Brunner, sums up the discontent at Oberlin: "Jack Scott wanted revolution instead of evolution."

The litany of complaints, both substantial and petty, goes on. But so does Scott's reply. Of his lack of a phys ed degree, for instance, he says, "Some people will say that's a plus instead of a minus. The reason I wrote the letter about the dean is because he accused Tommye and Cass in the same journal of being coaches and not educators, stereotype thinking about blacks. If someone else wants to take credit for policies I've been advocating for years, be my guest. Considering the opposition, it was a miracle we accomplished anything. Think how successful Lombardi would have been with a team of Meggerys and Sauer."

In recent months Scott has found himself facing even tougher opposition: the FBI. Suspected of having harbored Party Hearst, the Scotts refused to be interrogated and went into hiding seven weeks ago. Today Scott says the information linking him to the case was sold to the FBI by his older brother Walter, an ex-marine. Still vowing "total noncooperation," the Scotts have not been indicted, reportedly because the FBI is still building its case against them. That leaves the couple hanging and the radical sports movement looking for its second wind. Scott, the eye of his own hurricane, professes that he cannot see the trends for the turmoil.

The fact that Chip Oliver attempted an unsuccessful comeback with the Raiders four years ago ("He'd lost so much coordination it was pathetic," says one Oakland coach), and that Sauer, after spending one season at Oberlin as an assistant coach, returned to play with the Charlotte Hornets in the WFL last season, would seem to indicate some shift

continued



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of conviction. That, together with Scott's premature departure from Oberlin and his current notoriety, can only add up to a minus for the movement.

Perhaps Meggyesy, now living in one of the 10 houses in Mayday, Colo., an old gold-mining town high in the Rockies where the FBI has twice visited him, offers the best status report. "The athletic movement is not dead," he says, "but it is in a period of gestation." Meggyesy works as a carpenter, skis and sometimes must use food stamps; last spring he applied for a coaching job at Fort Lewis College but was turned down because he is not a certified teacher. He says, "Looking back, it's hard for me to say if my book made an impression. But it allowed the athletes and sportswriters to be more expressive and coaches to be more progressive. I definitely believe it has worked toward changing the system. But on the other hand the system feels put upon and begins to react. Now some things are 10 times more repressive."

Gary Shaw, author of *Meat on the Hoof*, a scathing look at football at Texas, says that he has not had much contact with Scott (who acted as his agent for a 15¢ cut) since they sold the hard-back rights to his book for \$2,000 and the paperback for \$92,500. "I didn't like the impression a lot of people got that he helped me put *Meat on the Hoof* together," says Shaw, "or that I wrote it under his direction. I like Jack but I don't want to be lumped into his group of athletic radicals. I have my own view of things and I don't want anyone else to represent them for me."

There are always new friends to be made and one of Scott's closest these days is Bill Walton. The Portland Trail Blazers' injury-plagued center denies that Scott had anything to do with the controversial statement he made at Scott's press conference in San Francisco two weeks ago. Walton says that he did not see Scott until a few minutes before the session and that he called the FBI the

"enemy" because "they'd been going around saying what they think of me so I thought it was my turn to tell them what kind of people I think they are." He adds that "Jack's the most beautiful guy I ever met. He's the major reason I did not quit this season."

At the moment Scott can use all the backing and bolstering he can find, and Harry Edwards, the black activist who was one of the early leaders of the radical sports movement, is willing to oblige. "I hope Jack Scott is ready for the struggle," he says. "I know what struggle is, I've been there, but his will be more intense and he will have more problems. I hope he is bright enough to handle it, to recognize that a few casualties do not mean the loss of the war."

Scott believes he is prepared. "Remember," he said last week, "some of the best writing in this country—Thoreau, George Jackson, Angela Davis—has come out of jails. If necessary, I only hope I can live up to that tradition." **END**



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Tennis is so wrapped up in its own stupid disputes that nobody ever has time to attend to the game itself. The two major innovations in tennis—open competition and the tie break—were both at least half a century overdue and came about largely because of divine intervention. Had not God put the breath of life, along with an excess of hot air, into James Van Alen and then blessed him with considerable resources so that he could spend most of his time writing bad poetry and hectoring tennis people about endless matches, we would still be suffering through 26-24 marathons. Similarly, had not Lamar Hunt been given a good pitch on a plane ride about investing a few spare dollar bills in an outlandish new round-robin tour, tennis still would be the outdoor drawing-room comedy it was for most of its first 95 years.

It is unlikely that the stars will align so as to grant tennis the blessings of benign intruders like Van Alen and Hunt more than every century or so. And because tennis people seem to be preoccupied with suing each other, boycotting each other and generally comporting themselves like damn fools, it becomes necessary for outsiders, an infidel like myself, to speak up in behalf of the poor game. Forbear, friends. Nothing here will have anything to do with whether Jimmy Connors is right or wrong or whether men or women players are right or wrong. These are just some suggestions to help tennis:

- For example, no other entertainment in the world (with the possible exception

of a small-town church raffle) so irritates and antagonizes its supporters with interminable pre- and/or post-tournament introductions and presentations as tennis. Shut up, already, with the thank yous. Can you see a football game beginning with the general manager coming out and asking everybody to cheer for the ticket sellers? *Nobody in tennis who helps run a tournament in any way, shape or form should ever be permitted near a live microphone.*

- When a ball is inadvertently hit into the stands, the spectator who catches it should be permitted to retain this prize, as in baseball. The players, poor dears, would just have to get by with one less ball for a few games or have an old one or a new one put in as a replacement. There is nothing more idiotic and grating than asking people to pay \$8 a seat to see two millionaires play to split \$20,000 in an hour and a half, and then having everybody in tennis throw a fit when one 80¢ (wholesale) ball goes out of play.

- In mixed doubles the team with the serve should alternate serves. That is, the man serves the first point, the woman the second, the man the third and so on. The receiving team has the choice: Does it want its man to receive the man's serve and its woman the other woman's or the other way around? This would put more strategy and variety into mixed doubles at all levels and, in the bargain, save a good many marriages.

- The FCC shall make it a terminal offense, punishable by taking a network's license away, if Charlton Heston or James Franciscus are ever again shown

watching a professional match. Loss of license for 20 years if Johnny Carson is shown.

- The reason for the tie break is to bring the game to a climax. The most exciting moment in tennis, if not in all sport, is when a match stands tied and the points in the final set are 4-4 (in a nine-point tie break) or 6-6 (in a 13-point tie break). In other sports a result can be determined in the last second, the last play, but only one side—the offense—really controls the outcome. In the double match-point tie break in tennis both sides are offense and defense. It is unique and excruciating.

Because it is so good for the game many people in tennis want it outlawed and all tie breaks settled by two points or more: 8-6, say, instead of 7-6. Many players, and those people who hold their hands, think there is too much riding on just one point.

Many people also think there is a lot riding when it comes to cutting open a sick person. People who think that way never try to become surgeons.

- Put some natural strategy and controversy into the Davis Cup by making the captains decide the order of matches. By tradition the names have been picked out of a hat, which is great if you're holding a lottery. But in a competition? "Seaver, Matlack and Kosman will be my World Series pitchers," says Yogi Berra. "Now let's see which name Nanette Fabray picks out of the hat to start the first game against which of the following three Tammy Grimes selects, Palmer, Cuellar or Grimsley."

SERVING UP AN EXPLOSIVE SET

The first skirmish of the tennis revolution has been fought and won, and now is the time, the author says, to bring up the artillery

by FRANK DEFORD



The way it should work is this: suppose Australia is meeting the U.S. in Melbourne. First the home-team captain must declare his singles choices. Newcombe and Laver, he says. Now the visiting captain has an edge. Connors (this is all imaginary, remember) is one choice, but does he go with Ashe, who is beating Stockton in practice but is usually a patsy for Laver, in the second spot? The U.S. captain gambles: Ashe.

This has all taken two days of rising speculation and second-guessing. Attention is way up. The drama is heightened.

Now the Aussie captain has the edge. He gets to pick the first matchup. Does he call for Laver-Ashe and figure to get a sure, quick lead or does he save Laver as a hole card for the last day? Finally

he decides he would rather have the Laver-Ashe match (and by process of elimination Newcombe-Connors as well) on the deciding day. He calls for Newcombe-Ashe for the opening match, with Laver-Connors to follow.

After the doubles matches on the second day of play the visiting captain gets his final say, selecting the order of the matches on the final day.

It is nonsense and bad business to let fate play so large a role in any competition as it does in the Davis Cup.

- Celebrity tennis in public, be it staged by Alan King, CBS or the Kennedys, must be outlawed forever.

- No referee should ever chastise an audience for applauding, cheering or gasping during the playing of a point. If pro-

fessional entertainers cannot perform in public with a little acclaim, well, then, they are not professional and do not deserve to be paid.

- The let should be abolished, in all its misguided forms.

- 1) The service ball that hits the net, bounds over and lands in court should be in play as are balls that tick the net in rallies. The beautiful thing about the let serve is that it is an aberration in a very symmetrical game. This is good. Games are not supposed to be absolutely perfect. They are supposed to be fun. If a serve hits the net and trickles over, and the receiver can't make a return, that's tough for him. If he does he's got almost a sure point, and that's tough for the server. But either way, a little something extra has been added to the game.

Also, that ridiculous person who sits at tournaments with a finger and an ear on the net would be abolished. Let him go out and listen on the tracks for the Metroliner, if that's his bag.

In doubles either player on the receiving team should be permitted to return a let serve.

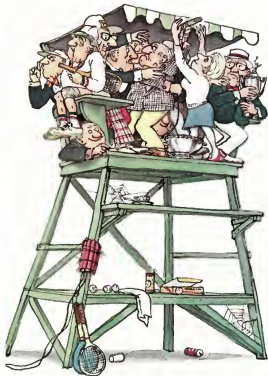
- 2) The other kind of let—the matter of replaying a point that is in dispute. Bush. Hopelessly bush. Here's Mendy Rudolph in the seventh game of the NBA final playoffs after Phil Chenier has scored on a driving layup in the last second to make it 101-100: "Look, guys, we're going to have to play that one over. Jake O'Donnell was closest to the action, but Nate Thurmond obscured his vision a little, and I just can't make up my mind whether it was charging or hacking. So, we'll play a let, O.K.?"

That is no exaggeration; it is a perfect analogy to what happens in tennis. If a linesman's vision is obscured he should appeal to the umpire in the chair (as, in some instances, a baseball umpire will appeal to a colleague). But the responsibility belongs to the particular linesman. If he sees a ball out and both players, the referee and all the fans saw otherwise, the ball is out.

If umpires are going to overrule linesmen, then get rid of linesmen. Better, play each point no matter how tough the call, and get rid of lets.

- At the conclusion of any set it is natural for fans to want to get up, move around, stretch, buy things, talk, shout and go to the bathroom. It is the end of a chapter, a natural time to pause. But according to tennis custom there is no

continued



such intermission at the conclusion of a set ending in an even number of total games, such as 6-4 or 7-5. In this case the changeover does not come until the end of the first game of the next set. So all during the game, as normal people follow their normal impulses, the umpire is telling everybody to shut up and sit still, the players are upset, and the play is desultory. It is absolutely the most stupid thing in tennis.

When the set concludes with an even number of games, a break should follow immediately.

Beyond that, since most big-time tennis matches nowadays are played in antiseptic indoor buildings where climate is no factor, it is nonsense to change every other game anyway. A change on every third game would be more logical, with each player permitted to call two time-outs per set between games when a changeover does not take place.

- When tennis players hit an opponent with the ball, unintentionally or otherwise, they could spare us all the phony apologetic weeping and wailing.

- No more best three-of-five-set matches. Too long, waste of time, no good reason for them. If a player can't win in three sets, he shouldn't expect anybody to care if he can win in five or seven or 39.

We've got to act on this one in a hurry, too, because the boys say that the reason the girls don't deserve equal prize money in joint tournaments like Wimbledon and Forest Hills is because the boys play three-of-five and the girls play

two-of-three. I say, God bless the girls. But wait, the girls are now saying, O.K., we'll play best-of-five, too.

I once believed that when I died and went to hell, what hell was going to be was having to sit around and watch *The Merv Griffin Show* all day long. Now I think hell is going to be having to watch Chris Evert hit ground strokes from the baseline for five sets.

If players really believe that the worth of tennis is measured in the length of a match, better we should put taxi meters on the whole lot of them. And all who hold the view that endurance is that important to sport should be forced to sit through one two-night doubleheader. That would be the last we'd ever hear of best-of-five sets.

The only possible excuse for five-set matches is that they make conditioning a greater factor. O.K., fine. So players pace themselves, throw away sets when they fall behind and stumble through the last set like zombies. Terrific. If endurance turns you on, go watch 'em swim the English Channel. John Newcombe has become nearly legendary as a five-set player, yet the fact of the matter is he is not especially well conditioned. He wins best-of-five sets for the same reason he would win best-of-five points if they played it that way: he adapts himself to prevailing conditions.

The facts speak for themselves: five-set matches are the law of diminishing returns gone wild. I checked out the results of all the men's singles matches at

Forest Hills for four different five-year periods: 1921-25, when the modern game began, more or less; 1946-50, when tennis picked up steam again after the war; 1965-69, the last five years of the no-tie-



break game; and 1970-74, years of the tie break. If you want to check out the results of other years or the results from Wimbledon or whatever, go ahead. I'm sure they would be much the same.

In the first five-year period, 1921-25, 6.6% of the results were changed because the matches were best-of-five instead of best-of-three. In the postwar period, 1946-50, the figure was 8.6%; in 1965-69 it was 8.5% and in 1970-74 it was 9.1%. The slight increase in changed results from the 1920s may be attributed to the fact that there is more depth now.

As a final example take the Davis Cup Challenge Round (or finals), where by definition there is the closest competition. In the 62 Challenge Rounds played since 1901, you find that 12.4% of the matches would have had a different outcome if played best-of-three instead of best-of-five. This indicates that for all the time and energy expended in playing best-of-five instead of best-of-three, you can never expect, even under the most competitive conditions, to change more than one result in eight. What is the point in all that? If you play 15-inning World Series games or six-period Super Bowls, one out of eight games might indeed end up differently, but so what? Is it worth all the extra time to change so few results and for no good purpose?

But you can be sure that with each and every one of these suggestions tennis will play a lot. (And for those of you who want to stop reading and go to the bathroom, now that the article has ended, you must stay in your seat and keep quiet until you've read the first paragraph of the next article.)

END



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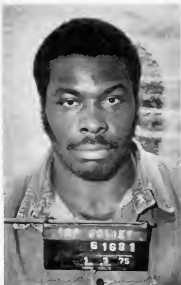
THE BLOT'ING OUT OF TIME

by RICK TELANDER

It is there, always too much of it. At the very least a year and a day, or these convicts would not be in this maximum-security prison. For some it will mean serving a lifetime.

And so emotions fester and the prisoners often grow belligerent in the monotony. "Sport is the best outlet for the hostilities and energies of most of these men," says the Supervisor of Recreation at the Illinois penitentiary at Stateville. "Our main motivation is not rehabilitation, but the safety of the institution." A profile of sport at work—and prisoners at play.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL LEVIT



Forty miles southwest of Chicago a water tower rises above the monotonous snowfields to the right of Joliet Road. The letters on the tank slowly revolve in reverse order as you approach: E-L-L-I-V . . . Stateville, it says, a curiously comic-book name reminiscent of Superboy, Smallville and Gotham City. The walls appear next, and the towers at each corner. The entire complex belongs in El Greco's *View of Toledo*. A sign by the road warns DO NOT PICK UP HITCHHIKERS. The Illinois state penitentiary, Stateville branch, was not constructed to be a cheerful sight even under the best weather conditions; beneath a massive gray sky in the dead of winter the prison is terrifying.

Soon, the five iron gates are behind us. Each gate was locked and tested before the next one was opened. Everyone was counted five times after being searched and stamped. Even if there are only two men passing through the gates, the guards point and count, "One. Two."

Building for a bid to recapture his national prison title is weight lifter Andrew Redmond.



Hoping to make a name in sport, not just to be No. 61681: Jumbo, star of Stateville.

"No weapons are carried by any guard past that last gate," says a frail recreation aide as he leads the way through the yard. "Some of the weight lifters are twice my size, why tempt them?"

In the yard we hear only the resonant crackling of our footsteps. In the dark gun towers the guards are surely watching the motion, listening to the snow-muffled rhythms, nosing the hands rubbed together, the white plumes of breath floating upward. All around are spread the stark brick prison buildings—the hospital, the printing shop, the cafeteria, the cell blocks and the empty Death Row. Here there has been trouble. It began in January 1973, when a guard was pushed to his death from the fifth tier of Cell House B. And then that April a yard brawl broke out in which more than a dozen convicts were injured. As a result a prisonwide lockup—confinement to cells except for meals—was ordered.

The lockup lasted into the summer, during August it was gradually lifted. But the next month nearly 300 Stateville inmates overpowered their supervisors and

continued

TIME continued

seized control of B House. For nine hours they held 10 guards at knife-point before releasing the hostages unharmed and surrendering. More disturbances occurred in the following weeks. The *Chicago Tribune* called Stateville "a pot about to boil."

A battered metal door opens. We step out of the icy air into the power-lifting confines and are greeted by huge, eager men. For several moments everyone slaps palms, laughs and shouts greetings, setting up a din of echoing and re-echoing. "Hey, babes," and "Wha's been happening?"

Most of the visiting Chicago AAU lifters have been here for an earlier meet and are known by name. A few of the Stateville lifters are gone.

"Hey, man, where's little Freddy?"

"He done cleaned out. He's on the streets."

"Yeah? Is he straight?"

"Think so, man. Think so this time."

"Hey, you're looking good."

"What say we lift a few weights, babe?"

The men are proud of their physiques, proud of their biceps and lats, their squats, benches and dead lifts. Their ex-



From a watchtower in gym, a guard can see moves of weight lifter Doc Robinson.





Instruction is free: here, Redmond shows technique for dead lift to Jackie Kelly.

citement indicates as much. But since there are no posing mirrors in Stateville, and no one to show off for and few enough fans to congratulate one after a good day, the prisoners internalize their weight training the way they internalize everything. There is community on the Stateville scam, certainly, but in the end each man is alone and knows it.

One of the lifters gestures at his teammates and explains, "I'm doing time. He's doing time. We're all here together doing time, but, man, it's all your own. Ain't nobody can help, ain't nobody gonna stick around with the bros when their gup's up."

The prisoners and the outside lifters continue to chatter as they begin warm-ups. Snowflakes drift in through the cracked and missing windowpanes. Crashes of iron rise above the talk like missiles over clouds. There is no rage on any of the faces and there is no threat and no mark of Cain, yet there is some-

continued



Superheavyweight and source of awe, Jumbo Cummings tries a bench press.

TIME continued

thing in the furrows of the brows and at the corners of the eyes that hints of suppressed things. A great blotting out has taken place. "It's anger that'll kill a man in prison," says a lifter. "Make him sick and crazy, and then they'll break you."

The Stateville team captain is called to the crude lifting platform in a corner of the room for his final bench press. This is one of the last matches for the prisoners in the gloomy basement; a slick gym is being carved out of the dining hall. But this day the competition is lit by two yellow bulbs dangling from the overhead pipes, and it is not until the prisoner lies down on the bench that his face becomes visible through the shadows. Viewed from the other end of the basement, the weight lifters resemble hunters gathered round a campfire, a group of men resting after a long day by telling stories, pondering the day's bug, laughing, fixing their weapons.

The captain stares at the bar and adjusts his hands. The men watch. The only sounds are the dripping of water from an unseen pipe and the wind toying with the numerous holes and crevices in the building.

The spotters lift the 485 pounds off the

continued



Dancing past the death house (low building on right) is Jumbe, headed for a kout.



The man whose hand is stamped on the way in, has a way out, and time moves on.





Cummings kayes heavyweight Grady Daniels of Sterling, Ill., who is ranked among the top U.S. amateurs.



In victory, the celebrations are small—and so are the bronze prison trophies.

rack and rest it on the captain's hands, staying tense and ready to assist, knowing that with this much weight a wrist can buckle and snap or a man's will can crumble and the quarter ton drop on his chest.

Jesse Vail, the Stateville Supervisor of Recreation, watches. Like everyone else, he is aware of the many problems and unavoidable ironies involved when a prisoner tries to imitate life on the outside. It irks Vail that for a long time his lifters' totals have gone down instead of up. Yet how else could it be when all his men were confined to their cells for months because of the disturbances—a punishment made all the harsher because the weight lifters were not involved in the trouble.

"In 1972 Stateville won the national postal weight-lifting meet with the other correctional institutions," Vail had said earlier, "but in 1973 we didn't even compete. Everybody was locked in their cells for the summer." The team won again in 1974, but emotional letdowns caused by lockups, the absence of a high-protein diet for muscle building, and inadequate workout time had stunted the pride in the athletes.

"We've got the talent," Vail had noted, "but we have no confidence. Our athletes get down on each other early, they get scared and embarrassed over little things—errors, mental mistakes—because they are insecure. What can you do? Once our baseball players had to report to their cells in mid-inning of a game with the University of Illinois because of a disturbance in one of the cell house yards."

On the narrow bench the Stateville captain lowers the bar and holds it motionless across his swollen chest. The muscles engage like heavy machinery, with nearly audible sounds of veins bulging up through the skin and sweat squeezing into pearls across the pectoral muscles and forehead. One can see the man drift into himself, see incongruous thoughts dancing over each other in his mind—his life, the bar, the cold drafty basement; out there on the street, the past, the future—and then condensing until the bar assimilates the thoughts and it is only the bar pushing like a stone on the captain's hands.

The spectators scream for him to snap it, to push, push, push. He strains until his face is twisted and his chin has disappeared into his neck. But there is no

push left, and he knows it. He shakes his head, and the spotters rush in to lift the bar back to the rack. He receives a din of applause as he lies drained, his arms at his sides on the padded bench. Gradually the lights and concrete walls and memories flood back and the bar disappears. The weight wins this round.

As the meet progresses and the men circulate, it is easy to forget that the Stateville lifters are not one's peers, that they are fulfilling debts to society for serious crimes. There are murderers here. There is a cop killer. There is a man who bludgeoned his wife to death and threw her off a balcony. There are heroin pushers, robbers, one man serving time for "double beef"—killing two men.

With his wind back the captain shows surprising enthusiasm for someone "giving up the best years of my life" behind bars. "Sure, the team hasn't progressed as it should but, well, there have been problems. Just watch us move now. I love this sport, it burns up my tensions like a furnace. When I'm teed off I can come down and move some metal around and I feel better. Good. Cleaned out."

A 181-pounder dusts chalk from his hands and looks serious. "To me it's a job," he says. "There isn't much pleasure involved. On the outside I'm a mechanic, but in here I lift. For four years now I've been lifting and I feel it's my job—my duty—to lift. I need it because I'm gonna do my own time, work, and forget everything I see." Several men nod in agreement. It is a point most of the prisoners make: power lifting—in fact, every sport in the prison—is an instrument to be used to keep one's sanity, a set of blinders, a punching bag for the times when there's nothing else but your hands.

The prisoners seek lifting tips. Some of them continue with the lighter weights, trying to get the benefit of a workout during the slack parts of the meet. Many of them have tattoos on their arms, and as they work, Maria and Mom and hearts with piercing arrows swell and stretch, like lettering on balloons.

The meet ends with superheavyweight Floyd (Jumbo) Cummings attempting to dead-lift 660 pounds. Jumbo has arms like dented stove pipes and thighs that spill over his knees, so that one knows he could never be fitted properly in street

clothes. Jumbo is 24, stands 6' 3", weighs 250 pounds and has a 32-inch waist. At Stateville he has high-jumped 6' 2", longjumped more than 21 feet, and been banned from intramural football because of his strength. When he was 16, Jumbo left reform school in Mississippi and caught a bus to Chicago. Soon af-



Locked out—few inmates are allowed to watch and cheer prison competitions.

ter, he was convicted of murder. If there is a symbol of awe and respect on the Stateville team, a person who carries the banner for whatever fantasies the prisoners allow themselves, it is Jumbo.

In the spring of 1974 Jumbo began training as a boxer, with the '76 Olympics his first goal. Because he is serving

50 to 75 years it is speculative, of course, whether he would be allowed out to compete, although Jesse Vail says it probably could be arranged. (Jumbo will be allowed to take part in the Illinois AAU championships next week in Waukegan.) For Jumbo, the motivation is simple. "I don't want to fight to be free," he says.

"I want to be heavyweight champion of the world." The part-time boxing coach has warned Jumbo that to go into serious training means to stop lifting weights. At this Jumbo shakes his head solemnly. "It will be hard to stop. The iron's part of me now."

He eyes the 660 pounds, the front end of a small car, that lies before him. He grips the bar and bends at the knees, glaring at nothing, and heaves. At first the bar only bends—the weights are rooted to the platform. Then, slowly, the plates rise from the wood.

Jumbo's eyes are clenched shut and his teeth are bared. One can see the ropes and great slabs of muscle beneath his skin, and for a moment it seems that Jumbo's entire body is transparent. As the man and the bowed iron bar slowly rise, noise fills the room. For a moment Jumbo appears to be frozen solid, there is no motion except the wild dancing of the spectators. Jumbo stands up. Straight. The judges signal thumbs up. Jumbo drops the weight with a resounding crash that punctuates his feat and, stone-faced, chest expanded, strides off the platform.

The meet has been a success. The prisoners have new goals to strive for: Jumbo's accomplishment lends a feeling of hope. But anxiety still lingers and problems remain.

The visitors line up and file out shaking hands and waving, and then disappear behind the thud of metal doors. The prisoners remain—each with his own thoughts, each with his own calendar minus one more day.

What will happen in the future at Stateville is impossible to guess. Some say things are advancing as well as can be expected. Indeed, a new warden—a power lifter himself—has taken over. A huge musclebound man sometimes called the "white Jumbo" by inmates, he is said to understand the value of athletics. He is responsible for the new gym that some say cost \$100,000. Yet there are people who still predict trouble.

Whatever takes place the prisoners know that in all things, whether it is weight lifting or protest, they are individuals whose lives, like stained glass, touch each others' only at the edges. In a few minutes they will march to their cells to ponder their own private visions and to sleep, gaining there, perhaps, the peace that eludes them by day, proving once more Joseph Conrad's words: "We live, as we dream—alone."

END



GOODBY TO ALL THAT

The old way is dead, laments Durocher in an account of his last days in baseball—a time of pampered players and umps who brooked no lip

by LEO DUROCHER with ED LINN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GERRY GERSON

Baseball today isn't the game I used to know. In the first place, there are the players. They're a different breed. Everything has to be done their way. Who are we kidding? It isn't a sport anymore—if it ever was. It's an industry. They've got a union, headed by Marvin Miller, and they're carting their money away in bushel baskets. You can't tell them what to do. They have to be consulted; they want to know why. Not how, but why. The battle cry of today's player is *I don't have to*.

And do you know something, he doesn't. What are you going to do with a guy making \$60,000, fine him? He'll laugh at you. I look at some of these guys and I think, "If he's a \$60,000 player, what's a \$50,000 player?"

He's thinking, "I'm making \$60,000, I've got to be good." Or he's looking at some other player who's getting \$75,000, and thinking, "If he's a \$75,000 player, I'm worth \$90,000 easy."

Expansion and the rise of other professional sports have put him in the dryer's seat. You can't fine him because it's a waste of time, and you can't bench him because you've got nobody to put in his place.

On top of that, you have the rebellion against authority that pervades the whole society. Every time you want to send a player down you've got a fight on your

hands. They're all perfectly willing to tell you right out that they're better than anybody you've got on the club. I had a guy at Houston named Skip Jutze who thinks he's the best catcher in the league. He's a mediocre catcher, a Triple A catcher in my book. He comes to me and says he ought to be the No. 1 catcher. "When do I get a chance to catch?" he says.

I reminded him that the St. Louis organization hadn't thought he was that good or they wouldn't have let him go. "All of a sudden you come over here," I said, "and now you're going to run this club."

"If you don't let me catch, I'm going to go home," he shot back.

In the old days, you'd have said to a player with twice the talent, "Goodby. Thanks for dropping by. See you later." But all I could do was tell Jutze that if he wanted to catch regularly, I'd give him his chance by sending him down. So I sent him down and he went home. The club brought him back. Triple A catchers aren't so easy to come by these days. He says, "I'm a star." You say, "O.K., you're a star. Anything else you want to be? Do you want to be a lamp? A breadbox? A pen-and-pencil set?"

The other slogan of the day is *I'd do it my way*. The prevailing attitude is that they've got everything coming to them. Not by accomplishment but because

they're alive. No concern at all for the owner of the club. We had a pitcher at Houston who had a bad arm all year. Before I left, the club was trying to get him to go to the winter league for a month to find out if it could count on him for next year. If he could pitch like he can, Houston was going to have a good shot at the division title. If he couldn't, the club was in trouble. He wouldn't go. Why? Well, he had just got a divorce and he was going with another woman. The club was perfectly willing to have him bring her along at its expense. Now, he didn't want to. It would interfere, apparently, with the development of his new relationship. The club had given him a fortune when they signed him. Now he was going to do everything his way.

The manager's authority has been whittled away from above and below. The front office runs everything. If the manager is going to be respected, the players have to know that they cannot go to the front office without his permission. At Houston, General Manager Spec Richardson was always around and the players could gripe to him at will. When I told Spec I was leaving, he asked me what was wrong with the club. As much as I like Spec, and as good as he had been to me, I had to tell him, "If you really want to know, Spec, it's you."

And then there are my old friends, the umpires. If they won't let you show your players you're battling for them, they're cutting away at another source of your strength. In the old days, you used to be able to use some language. Now the minute you get there, they say, "Don't you open your mouth!" And right away, that's a challenge. What do they think I came out there for? Do they think I'm going to say, "Oh, I'm sorry . . ." and turn away? You open your mouth and you're gone. Their eyesight might leave something to be desired, but they all have 20/20 hearing. Since the owner isn't pay-

continued



ing you to find out how many games you can get thrown out of, you find yourself laying back.

Of course, if I was as bad as most of today's umpires I'd want all the power I could get. There are some good ones, but more bad ones.

Protesting to league headquarters is a waste of time. You'd be just as well off if you put your protest in a bottle and threw it into the sea. They've got that one word in the umpires' vocabulary that covers everything. "Judgment." It doesn't matter how bad they blew it, it was the umpire's judgment. I had the classic of all time in Chicago in 1969, when we were in first place and fighting to stay there. We were a run behind the Giants in the last of the eighth. With Don Kessinger on first base and Glenn Beckert at bat I called for the hit-and-run, and Beckert hit the ball into the hole. The Giants' shortstop, Hal Lanier, had to reverse his field and make a backhanded stop. He had no play at second because Kessinger was around the base and Lanier's off-balance throw to first went into the dug-out. The umpire already had signaled that Beckert had beaten the throw and the official scorer gave him a hit.

The way the rule book reads, a base runner is awarded two bases if all the base runners, including the batter, have advanced at least one base when an infielder makes a wild throw. The umpires didn't dispute that both runners had reached their target bases. Nevertheless, instead of scoring, Kessinger was sent back to third base, and Beckert back to second. We lost by a run. My protest was turned down. And this wasn't even a judgment play, it was a rule-book interpretation.

Nine days later we're trailing the Dodgers in Los Angeles by two runs and up comes a rerun of the same play. This time, it's Willie Davis of the Dodgers who hits a slow chopper into the hole on the hit-and-run. Willie Crawford is around second, Davis has the throw beaten at first and the ball goes into the dug-out. The same play exactly.

And they allow Crawford to score.

Welllll . . . "Oh, no you don't. I can't lose both of them, boys. That's the same play in Chicago where I was told the man

stops at third. Now you tell me he scores."

I couldn't wait to wire my protest. A wire came back the same day disallowing it. I grabbed the phone and called Warren Giles at league headquarters in Cincinnati. He wasn't there. He was in Los Angeles. I didn't know that Giles was right there in the Biltmore Hotel with us. I hadn't known he had been at the game. I was screaming so loud that at least a dozen people told me afterward that you could hear me all over the hotel. "I can't



lose both of them," I roared. "They're both the same play? I lost the first one, I got to win the other one! I must win one of them, Warren. I can't lose both!"

He said, "You're right, Leo. It's the same play but the umpires interpreted the rule different."

Huh? Now he was telling me that a rule-book interpretation was also subject to the umpire's judgment. There is no possible way you can win. I kept screaming at him, and he kept telling me I was absolutely right but he still wasn't going to overrule his umpires.

The next day I carried the rule book to home plate. I read the rule off and then I said, "Now I am going to explain to you what this rule means." Very carefully, I ripped the page out, tore it into little pieces and threw the pieces into the

air. That was my explanation. "In fact," I said, "this whole book doesn't mean a damn thing." I tore it up and let it all go flying.

When I left the Cubs in July 1972, I was sure my baseball career was over. A month later my wife and I were lying in bed, with the television set on, planning our itinerary for a trip through the Far East. We had our passports and we had taken our shots. The phone rang, and it was Spec Richardson, an old friend.

"Come on," he said. "You're not going to retire, are you? I want you to manage my ball club." Could I get on a plane and be there the next morning?

I told him I'd call him back. Then I looked at Lynne. "Seoul . . . Honolulu . . . Tokyo . . . Bangkok . . . Singapore . . . Houston?" she said.

If Houston had been the kind of club I had taken over at Chicago, a second-division team in need of rebuilding, I wouldn't even have considered it. But it was a good club. The Astros had made some good trades the previous winter and had been favorites to win their division. I asked myself only one question: Can I win with this club *next year*? My answer was yes. They were a solid ball club, it seemed to me, and they had the best young player in baseball, Cesar Cedeno.

I went down to Houston in August and told the players that I was just going to sit there and make notes for the final four or five weeks and try to figure out why the club hadn't done better. Never opened my mouth. We finished second, which was where they were when I got there, but when it came time to vote their World Series shares, they gave me a full share and talked about cutting out Harry Walker, the manager I'd succeeded. You have to communicate, but Walker apparently had overcommunicated. Yacking away at them all the time. I had to warn them that the commissioner undoubtedly wouldn't approve the Walker deal. I begged them to change their minds. They voted him a half share.

The next year, I decided I was going to do something I had never done before. I would be one of the boys. A pal. A buddy. The times had changed, and you had

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12

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to change with them. I was going to do it their way. I'd play cards with them for half an hour before we went out, spin stories, listen to theirs. I was always there to be communicated with. They could rib me, call me anything. I had one of the best spring training camps I ever had, and by the time the season started I had communicated away all my authority. "One of the boys" means they are going to walk all over you. Give them an inch means they are going to take a yard.

I tried to keep a bandage across my lips. When a player fouled up, I'd go down in the little room behind the dugout, light a cigarette and mumble to myself. Didn't do a bit of good. The guy's roommate would be sitting there and he'd tell him I was mumbling about him.

Not that they were bad kids taken as individuals. Some of them were great. Jimmy Wynn. Lee May. Doug Rader. The only one who was real trouble on the Houston club was a pitcher, Jerry Reuss. As good an arm as you'd want to see. All his trouble was in his head. If you asked anybody on the Houston club what was wrong with Reuss, they'd have told you, "Well, there's not too much wrong with him. He's just a little flaky." Half the time, his wife would take the road trips with him, traveling from town to town by commercial plane. Any trip she didn't take with us, there he'd be, two or three days before the trip was over, telling me he wanted to go home. "It's my wife, she's going to the hospital to be operated on."

Maybe once or twice he finished a road trip with me, and if his wife ever was operated on I never heard about it.

Gratitude? Hell, no. He was always mad at me. I gave him the ball and let him pitch. He won 16 games for me, more than he ever had won anywhere in his life. Why shouldn't he be mad at me?

He thought he was the best left-hander in the league, probably the best left-hander ever.

"You're forgetting a left-hander named Koufax," I told him. "He was pretty good."

"I can throw as good as Koufax could ever throw."

Then why aren't you winning like Koufax, Jer? (If you could throw like Koufax could throw, I'd be thinking, you'd have a record of 18-5 with about two months to go and you'd probably win 27 or 28 games. Every year.)

Guess what? That was my fault, too.

We're playing in Montreal and we got seven runs for him in the first four innings—two in the second, three in the third and two in the fourth. Montreal has gotten three of them back, and now we're going into the bottom half of the fourth. The first guy up hits a line drive. It looks like a blur. The next man up hits a line drive. Another blur. "Get somebody warmed up," I said, "he hasn't got it tonight. Get somebody ready." Next man up hits a line drive right at my leftfielder, a shot—he never moved. If it had been up in the air it would have been into the seats.

"Get him out of there!"
Now he's so mad at me he isn't going to pitch for me anymore. We're in the

From the forthcoming book, "Nice Guys Finish Last," by Leo Durocher with Ed Lin, to be published by Simon & Schuster, Inc.

clubhouse and he's not going to dress for the second game. He's quitting. "Why did you take me out?" he says.

Why did I take him out?
"Let me show you why I can't trust you," he says. "I can't trust your reasoning."

My reasoning? You were getting the bejezus hammered out of you, Jerry, that was my reasoning. It was an act of elementary humanitarianism. But you've got to communicate, so all I said was, "Well, I know what my reasoning was, Jerry. I want to hear your reasoning."

He said, "My reasoning is that if the next man up hits a home run, the score is still 7-6. You didn't give me a chance to battle my way out of it."

"Give you a chance?" I had to laugh. "I didn't want the married men in the infield killed. They were hitting bullets off you. I thought I'd try to save the lead as long as I could."

I missed the whole second game of the doubleheader talking to him in my office. I said, "I think you've got a good arm. But I think you forget how to pitch out there. You're just a thrower, and throwers are a dime a dozen. Until you learn how to pitch, you're going to be in trouble."

He reminded me that he was the best left-handed pitcher in all of baseball.

"All right, Jerry, one of these days I'll let you go out and go all the way."

The very next week I was going to do just that. I let him stay in a game until they got a five- or six-run lead

on him. I stayed with him and I stayed with him, and when it came to the point where he couldn't get anybody out I figured I'd have to break my word and take the consequences.

Whenever a pitcher is coming out, I always say something to encourage him. "Stay with 'em, Jerry," I said, as he came into the dugout. "These things happen."

What do you think he said to me? He looked right at me and he said, "What the hell took you so long?"

You look at a guy like this and you think, *You know, you're dumb.*

So over the winter I read in the paper that Jerry Reuss called me a dummy. Well, I'll tell you one thing. This dummy won't throw the ball. That other dummy is throwing the ball. I couldn't have been such a dummy when he won. I must have left him in pretty good, I must have made some right guesses, because 16 was the most he had ever won anywhere.

But that's expansion, too. You'll go a long way with a good enough arm because you'll say to yourself, *Who am I going to bring in from the bullpen with that much stuff?* So you try him a little longer and the next thing you know you've got beat.

They do it their way. I've had some of the best drinkers in baseball, and some of the best drunks. Some of them I'd loved, and some of them I'd laughed with. The difference was a difference in attitude. In the old days, it was fun and games. It was "catch me if you can." Today, there's a meanness about it. It's "Who are you to tell me not to drink?" and "What are you going to do about it?"

One day I started to think I'd had about all I needed of the modern player. It was Cesar Cedeño who made up my mind.

Let me say about Cesar that he is not a bad kid at all. He's a good kid. That and a nickel won't get you on the subway. Cesar Cedeño also happens to be the most talented ballplayer in the game today. I managed only two other players in the same class. One of them, of course, was Willie Mays. To me, there will never be a baseball player as good as Willie Mays. Why do I say that? Because I'm prejudiced, that's why. Of course I am. If somebody came up and hit .450, stole 100 bases and performed a miracle in the field every day I'd still look you right in the eye and tell you

continued

that Willie was better. He could do the five things you have to do to be a superstar: hit, hit with power, run, throw and field. And he had the other magic ingredient that turns a superstar into a Superstar. Charisma. He lit up the room when he came in. He was a joy to be around.

The other player was Pete Reiser, who was every bit as good as Mays. *Might have been better.* Pete Reiser just might have been the best baseball player I ever saw. At the age of 22 he hit .343 to lead the league in batting. The next year he was hitting .380 in July when he ran into a fence in St. Louis and busted himself up. He had more power than Willie, *lefty and righty both.* He could throw as good as Willie—at least as good—and he could throw right-handed and left-handed. You think Willie Mays could run in his heyday? You think Mickey Mantle could run? Name whoever you want to, and Pete Reiser was faster. You want to talk about your Brooks and these guys? They couldn't get out of the box with him. He ran down to first base consistently in 3.6 and 3.7 and, believe me, there has never been anybody before or since who could do that. And he knew how to run the bases. In an era when there wasn't that much stealing, he stole home for me seven times in one year. He'd throw his body out toward the mound as he went by the plate, and the catcher would have nothing to tag but the tip of his hand.

Pete Reiser had everything but luck. Willie Mays had everything. It was the chance to end my career by managing another Willie Mays that was behind my decision to go to Houston. Natural talent? Cesar Cedeno has it to burn. Willie Mays had come to the Giants at the age of 20. His career batting average when he went into the Army a year later was

.265. Cedeno had come to Houston at the age of 19. The year I got there he was a 21-year-old and at the end of the season was hitting .320, with 55 stolen bases, 22 home runs and 82 RBIs. He could cover center field just as good as Mays, too, which was absolutely vital at the Astrodome, where anything hit into the hole scooted off the synthetic grass and went all the way to the fence.

So now I'm managing the Houston ball club, and I can see that the talent is there but he's not like Willie Mays. Every day with Mays I would come to the ball park, pick up the lineup card and write his name in. Willie Mays was nev-

er sick, he was never hurt, he never had a bellyache, he never had a toothache, he never had a headache. He came to the park every day to put on the uniform and play.

With Cedeno it was: not feeling good today, got tummy-ache. Got headache. I dunno if I can play. He had a very high susceptibility to injury and a very low threshold of pain. Even when he was playing, he was complaining.

All Mays did to loosen up for the game was get a rub on his arm, chase fly balls and get into a pepper game. Cedeno was in the outfield every night stretching his legs back and forth, doing situps.

Every day, Spec would point down to the field and say, "If I catch any more of your players laying down, . . ."

I'd say, "He's not laying down, Spec. He's doing his calisthenics."

"Calisthenics, my butt," Spec would say.

Amen to that, I'd think. Calisthenics is the only way you can lay down on a ball field and make it look legitimate. It kills you. You spend your life looking for the great talent that comes along about once a decade, and you have to sit there and see it being thrown away. I'd look at Cedeno and think, "How do I get to this kid?" How do you tell a 21-year-old who's out of an entirely different culture that you can see him looking back 20 years from now and telling himself, I had it all, and I threw it away.

And then there was his temperament on the ball field. I never saw Mays throw his helmet. I never saw him get mad over a called third strike. I never saw him throw his bat. Did you ever see DiMaggio do anything like that? Or Ted Williams? Or Stan Musial or Hank Aaron or Mickey Mantle? In other words, I never saw Talent do that.

The Pitchers Union always complains that the Williamses, Musials, DiMaggios and Aarons get a fourth strike. You're damned right they do. Especially in the clutch. The umpires respect their ability so much that if it's a close call on, say, a 2-2 count they'll give them the benefit of the doubt. *If it was a strike, Ted Williams wouldn't have let it go by.* The dumbest thing anybody with that kind of an edge can do is to get the umpires down on him.

Cedeno was getting called out on pitches that were outside by this much. He'd come back to the bench, still screaming, and heave his helmet and hat.

The umpires are looking. Not only the plate umpire, the ones on the bases. The umpires are watching and, don't kid yourself, they're all keeping score. I can tell you that just as sure as two plus two equals four, I saw Cedeno steal second base as cleanly as you can do it. Out! One series, he was called out three straight times on bases he had stolen so cleanly that you could have umpired from the bench.

I'd try to tell him he was hurting himself. "Cesar, when the umpires need hollering at, that's my job. We have guys sitting on the bench that can take care of it. You're getting a raw deal, Cesar. We all know that. They're waiting to see if you've learned your lesson."

He never did. That was his way. How dare anybody criticize anybody for doing it their way.

When Mays was beaking in, all I had to do was move my knuckle an inch or two and Willie would start moving, never taking his eyes off me until he saw my signal to stop. Cedeno couldn't be bothered.

We were in Los Angeles with a month to go in the 1973 season. We're leading by one run in the eighth inning, men on second and third, two men out, and I look over to the Dodger dugout and see a skanky kid I've never seen before coming out to the batting circle, swinging a couple of bats. So I turn to the players on the bench to find out if anybody knows him.

A couple of the guys knew him. "Alvarez. He played at Waterbury."

I want to find out if he has any power. "Nothing. A Punch-and-Judy Just bloops the ball over the infield."

I'm trying to get Cedeno's attention so that I can bring him in. My coaches and I are waving towels to signal him to come in. Cedeno paid absolutely no attention.

Fortunately for us, Bob Watson in left field saw what was going on, moved way in and over and, just exactly like the players had told me, Alvarez hit a little blooper into short center field. If Cedeno had been where he should have been it would have been a routine catch. As it was, it took a great catch by Watson, just off the ground, to save the game.

I'm waiting for Cedeno to come in. Now, Cedeno never lost an opportunity to ease the grandstand. He hadn't looked into the dugout all year before he hit the top step. Half the time he'd fall into the dugout, with his eyes still up in the stands. I said, "Come in here, Cesar. Don't be

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DUROCHER

looking up in the stands. I want to speak to you."

After he admitted that he had no idea who the last hitter had been, I explained to him how we had been trying to move him in, and how lucky it had been that Watson had seen us. I said, "You know, you got to look in here once in a while, Cesar, or we can't help you. Maybe we'll be trying to get your attention to move you around a little bit, like all clubs do. Didn't you see us waving the towels?"

No, he had been watching the batter.

"But, Cesar, we were waving the towels long before the batter was up."

He looked me right in the eye and cursed me. Then he said, "I can't watch you and the ball, too." Not unpleasantly, either. Cesar just wanted me to know where he stood on the question of whether a player had to look into the dugout for instructions.

Well... I said, "That cost you \$200. Now get up that runway and take your uniform off. Get it off? You're indefinitely suspended!" I'm right behind him every step of the way, getting madder all the time. All he had to do is say one more word and it's going to be \$400, \$600, \$800. I'm praying for him to open his mouth just once, so that I can go all the way and let him protest it to the commissioner, the Supreme Court, all the way up to Marvin Miller himself.

He just went to his locker and sat there, not particularly perturbed, just kind of ignoring me.

The game isn't over five minutes before Spec Richardson, who had been listening to it back in Houston, calls to ask me what I could have been thinking of to take Cedeno out with a one-run lead. When I told him what Cedeno had called me, he didn't think \$200 had been enough of a fine.

But Spec left it at \$200. I'm not sure the fine was ever collected. What good would it have done? The next day Cedeno came to the park early, and when I came out into the clubhouse he walked by and said, "Hi, Skip," just as if nothing had happened. As far as he was concerned the only thing that had happened was that the Skip had got himself all excited about something or other. I reiterate, he's not a bad kid. When he got into the trouble in the Dominican Republic, I called Spec to tell him that if it would do any good I'd be glad to go down there at my own expense as a character witness.

But I made up my mind right there. I was used to the days when a manager would hop all over a player who was caught out of position, and the player would keep his mouth shut and listen. By my rules, the manager is the boss, and you respect him and you play like hell for him. If they weren't playing by my rules any more, I didn't have to play by theirs.

I told Jimmy Wynn, Doug Rader and a couple of the other club leaders that I wouldn't be back. Also Preston Gomez, one of my coaches. It was in my mind even then that if they asked me to recommend anybody—which is exactly what did happen—I would say, "No one but Gomez. You got an awful lot of Latin ballplayers on the club, good ones. I think Gomez will do as good a job as anyone in baseball."

Gomez has a good mind and he's a hard worker. He thinks and talks baseball 24 hours a day. He is also bilingual. I had called an open meeting in Atlanta earlier in the season and turned it over to him, and it was the best meeting we had all year. It went back and forth, in English and Spanish both, and when he was finished everybody applauded. His theme was that the mental and physical sides of baseball were inseparable, that if they had enough pride in themselves and what they were doing they would be anxious to take care of themselves physically. Which was something they hadn't been doing and were willing to admit, at that moment, they hadn't been doing. All I had to say when it was over was, "That's it, boys. He said it all right there."

Putting everything else aside, Gomez was the logical choice, I felt, if only because he had a better chance than anybody else to get Cesar Cedeno to play for him. And, boy, if Cedeno is ever willing to give a manager everything he has, he could just carry that club on his back.

I hadn't told Spec I would be leaving, though, and until you've told the head man you can always change your mind. The day after the season ended, I walked into the front office and told them I was through.

I still love baseball. Baseball has been good to me. And I have never been surer that I was doing the right thing. It's a different breed, boys, and they're going to keep right on doing it their way. *I'll, I'm a guy who has to do it my way.*

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END



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The Cubs open with clubs

The biggest of which was awung smartly by the perennially "promising" Rick Monday as Chicago's overachievers won seven straight games

One night last week in Philadelphia, after Chicago's Rick Monday had flogged the Phillies with three hits and two RBIs, someone asked the lean-bodied, long-faced centerfielder to explain his early-season success. New timber, perhaps? An adjusted stroke? An elixir ingested in the on-deck circle? "No," Monday replied, "I'm just hitting the hell out of the ball, basically."

The following night Monday got down to basics again, with a home run, a single, a sacrifice fly and five more RBIs. Each was a reminder of the half-forgotten predictions that attended his gaudy signing a decade ago.

In 1965 Monday was an Arizona State sophomore and the first player chosen in baseball's first free-agent draft. His signature on a Kansas City Athletics contract brought him a \$100,000 bonus, a vast amount of money in those days, and expectations of greatness. Rick Monday couldn't miss.

"It was sensationalism, people looking for a tag," Monday said last week. "They should have let me be me, instead of who they wanted me to be."

Monday lasted five years with the Athletics, never fulfilling his early promise. After batting .245 in 1971, he was traded to the Cubs for another inconsistent performer, Pitcher Ken Holtzman.

While Holtzman became a big winner for the world champion A's, Monday got little notice on the perennially losing Cubs. But 1973, when he hit 26 homers, and '74 (20) were the best years of his career, prompting Montreal Manager Gene Mauch to observe, "Monday is the player the Cubs could least afford to lose. There's no telling how good he's going to be when he reaches his peak."

Last week, with his average crowding .400 and with six extra-base hits to his credit, Monday seemed to be doing just that. He gained new confidence in spring training, he says. Now, when he dips in at the plate with his right foot forward and stares his distinctive rocking motion, he knows he is going to get a hit. "Finally," he says, "I'm starting to do the things I always thought I could do."

Monday's emergence is especially pleasing to Cub Manager Jim Marshall, who this year moved him from first to fourth in the batting order. But Monday is giving Chicago more than timely hits and steady defensive play. His leadership qualities may be no less important.

"You lead by example," says Shortstop Don Kessinger, "and nobody plays harder than Rick." Or, as the young, talented Third Baseman Bill Madlock puts

it, "Rick has the go-go all the time."

Monday says there is a very good reason why he runs as hard on a ground ball back to the pitcher as he does on a screamer up the alley. "Whether I'm 4 for 5 or 4 for 45, I give it all I've got, and I want the people to realize that." With Monday setting the example, all of the Cubs have been hitting. At the end of the week this allegedly woebegone team, losers of 96 games last season, had won seven straight, and boasted the best record in baseball.

Monday believes that one reason for Chicago's stunning start might be a meeting he called the last week of spring training. "I told the guys we had to have more pride in ourselves," he says, "that the other clubs were taking us for granted. We had to let people know that it would take good ball to beat us. That meeting didn't get us any base hits, but I know it helped our attitude."

This kind of take-charge approach is needed on a Cub team that lacks strong, aggressive leadership from management. "I'm not one for pep talks and team meetings," says Manager Marshall. "I like that to come from the players. I've had clubs that didn't get this leadership and it showed in the standings."

Monday, Chicago's player representative, is at age 29 a little older than most of his teammates, but his background is similar. He came to the Cubs at an early age, from an imputient organization, with more potential than proven ability. The difference is that Monday speaks his piece. If someone does not run out a pop fly, as Catcher Steve Swisher discovered recently, he is likely to hear about it from Rick.

The fact remains that Monday the potential superstar has not yet hit .300. The closest he came was last season, a .294 average that he says "was like going halfway up Pikes Peak." Now he believes he is ready to scale the summit. "I don't get my kicks by having a lot of attention," he says. "That isn't the epitome for me. I like the game, the challenge, and I think I can do a pretty good job."

Monday does not regret being traded away from the Athletics just before they won the first of three World Series. "The peace of mind of being able to play every day is more important," he says. "I platooned in Oakland and, like a lot of people, I had my problems with Finley. Here in Chicago I'm playing every day,

continued



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and I haven't even met Mr. Wrigley."

Monday has yet to prove that he can play as well after the All-Star break as before it, but the only thing likely to stop him now is engine failure. A student pilot, he has 14 hours toward a license. It looks like Monday will be flying high for a long time to come.

THE WEEK

(April 15-19)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL WEST

Joe McIntosh, Dave Freisleben, Sonny Siebert, Randy Jones. They are not even household names in San Diego. But all were winners as the Padres took four of six games. Against the Braves, who drubbed the Padres 17 times in 18 tries last season, McIntosh won 3-1 and Freisleben 8-2. Siebert, at age 38, outfoxed the Giants 3-1. And Jones, a 22-game loser last year when his teammates were shut out in seven of his starts, beat the Giants 2-1. RBI singles in the eighth inning by Bobby Tolan and Willie McCovey gave Jones more runs than he is accustomed to. With Danny Friesella and Dave Tomlin contributing sparkling relief, and with Dave Winfield, Tino Fuentes and Mike Ivie cracking out vital hits, the Padres clung to first place.

After promising a Giant booster club he would shut out Atlanta, John (The Count) Montefusco did just that, 5-0. Then, after selling a TV interviewer the Dodgers "won't get more than one run" he stymied L.A. 3-1. Lefty Pele Falcomer, 21, earned a 4-2 victory over the Braves. Hitting with gusto, the Giants collected seven homers, three by Gary Matthews.

Los Angeles swept four games from Cincinnati (*page 18*), but lost leftfielder Bill Buckner for two weeks with a badly sprained ankle. Buckner's replacement, Tom Pacorek, bruised his right hip and the seemingly undestructible Mike Marshall separated cartilage in his left side. Don Gullett of the Reds gave up just seven hits as he downed the Padres 10-0 and the Astros 5-2. Cincinnati also bopped Houston 9-8 after being down 7-1 in the fourth inning. Tony Perez started the game-winning ninth-inning rally with his third home run of the week. Pete Rose drove in the tying run and Dave Concepcion singled after the deciding run. It was all part of an 0-6 week for the Astros, whose struggling pitching staff has given up 46 walks in 11 games.

Atlanta, 3-4, got all its wins over Houston. Phil Niekro won 6-1, Buzz Capra 5-2 and Carl Morton came out on top 2-1 after

he singled in the 10th inning and scored on a hit by Mike Lum.

SD 6-3 LA 7-8 ATL 5-6
CIN 8-2 SF 8-5 HOUS 3-6

NL EAST

It was not Rick Monday alone who enabled first-place Chicago to win five straight during the week. Jerry Morales hit 450 and Bill Madlock 375, and between them they had 11 RBIs. Steve Stone, starting because Rick Reuschel was ill, won twice. And Dureld Knowles saved 4-2 wins over Pittsburgh and New York.

Knowles was joined by other former AL pitchers in fine performances. Woodie Fryman of the Expos, a onetime Tiger, throttled the Pirates 5-0 on five singles. And Philadelphia's Jim Lonzog, late of the Red Sox, beat Montreal 3-0 with the support of former White Sox outfielder Jay Johnstone. When Johnstone, a left-handed batter and the team comic, was told he was going to play because of strong winds blowing to right field, he was caught by surprise, for he had weighted padding and a dozen baseballs stuffed in his uniform, and his glove dangled from a rope attached to his belt. Pulling himself together, Johnstone knocked the stuffing out of the ball for a three-run homer. Rookie Tom Underwood, 21, won twice, 2-0 over St. Louis and 6-3 over Montreal.

St. Louis, 2-3 for the week, overcame Pittsburgh 5-4 when its Lively Latus got busy in the 13th inning. Keith Hernandez singled, was sacrificed along by Teddy Martinez and scored on a pinch hit by Luis Melendez.

During spring training Dock Ellis of the Pirates had a glorious 0.25 ERA, Bruce Kison an atrocious 6.93. Last week Ellis was shelved for the second time in a row, and Kison downed the Mets 5-3 on three hits.

After being pulled for a pinch hitter with Pittsburgh leading 3-2 in the seventh, New York's Tom Seaver said some things about his teammates' fielding and about Yogi Berra's managing. Seaver bemoaned the poor defensive support he received and questioned Berra's wisdom in yanking him. After the Cubs beat him 4-2, Seaver admitted, "I was mediocre." All was not lost, though. The Mets defeated the Cardinals 14-7 and got some decent relief pitching for a change, rookie Rick Baldwin hurling 5½ strong innings. Unlike Seaver, Baldwin felt he got plenty of support, and not only from the Met offense. "I prayed," Baldwin said. "I never could have done it without Him."

CHI 7-1 STL 6-4 PHIL 5-5
PIT 4-4 MONT 3-7 NY 2-6

AL EAST

"Gaylord and I have an understanding," said Milwaukee's Henry Aaron of Cleveland's Perry. "If he makes good pitches, he gets me out. If he makes bad ones, I hit them

out." Three times Perry made good pitches and three times Aaron struck out. But when he made a bad one Henry jumped on it for his first AL homer and the 734th of his career in a 5-1 win. The Brewers, 3-2, took the lead in the East, Billy Champion picking up a couple of neat wins, a 3-0 two-hitter in Cleveland and a 7-1 five-hitter against the Orioles in Baltimore.

Otherwise the Orioles were strong, winning three games as four NL transplants excelled. In an 11-3 romp over the Red Sox, Ken Singleton drove in three runs, and Mike Torrez, who was with Singleton on the Expos last year, got the win. Ex-Astros Mike Cuellar beat the Brewers 2-0, and another former Houstonian, Lee May, had seven RBIs in a 9-7 victory in Boston.

Centerfielder Fred Lynn, 23, went 9 for 151 (400), had three homers and drove in seven runs as Boston split four games. Jim Rice, 22, took over as designated hitter from Tony Conigliaro and promptly walloped two balls over the wall. Bill Lee, using a blooper-type pitch he calls "a sludge curve," beat New York 5-1.

In Cleveland's lone win in three outings, Gaylord Perry beat Milwaukee 3-1 for his 200th career triumph. Boog Powell said the shocking-red home uniforms worn by the Indians made him feel "like a maverick blood clot." Other Indians felt the same and petitioned management for blue shirts to go with their vermilion trousers.

Another ponderer of uniforms, Walt (No Neck) Williams, a 5'6" utility man for New York, said, "If a guy looks good in his uniform, if he's big and handsome, they think of him as a starter. Me, I'm bowlegged and short and they say, 'Man, he can't play every day.' Maybe he can't, but No Neck's hitting .556. A Yankee official said the team would not change to bright new duds because their pinstripes are 'well, checked in stone, cast in bronze.' Catfish Hunter? In his second and third decades, against no victories, he was tagged for 15 hits and 11 runs in 10½ innings, raising his ERA to 7.32. But Bobby Bonds' violent but awake, he stroked three hits, including a three-run homer, in an 11-3 win over the Tigers. Doc Medich, who earlier had stopped Detroit 6-0, earned that victory.

Just as he had in his first at bat against Hunter the week before, Willie Horton of the Tigers hit a home run, this time a three-run blast that highlighted an 8-3 win

MIL 6-2 BOS 5-3 BAL 4-3
DET 4-3 CLEV 2-4 NY 2-7

AL WEST

"I'm a firm believer in the word," said Amos Otis of the Royals. "They say, 'When the wind blows, Otis will go.' When it's blowing, I try to hit home runs. When it isn't, I just go for base hits." Otis took ad-

vantage of the wind when he homered in Texas. With Harmon Killebrew, a .368 hitter for the week, doing likewise, the Royals clipped the Rangers 5-3. Steve Busby got the win, his second 5-3 triumph of the week, his first was over the Twins. In budding a 5-1 week and taking over first place, Kansas City won two of three contests from Oakland. George Brett, who batted .400, doubled in the ninth inning to send across the winning run as the Royals beat the A's 4-3. The next day, with Nelson Briles tossing a five-hitter, Kansas City again put down the A's, 6-2.

Oakland, although still aglow with its new-found harmony, lost three of five games. Reggie Jackson was on first base when Joe Rudi blooped a single but got a late start for second and was thrown out. Jackson's tardiness wiped out Rudi's hit and prompted him to say, "I'm sorry for Joe. It was my fault." Rolfe Fingers gained his fourth save when he preserved Vida Blue's 4-1 drubbing of the Twins. With the cooperation of more bumbling base running by the A's, the Twins had beaten them earlier 5-4. Oakland managed not to win that one despite a homer, double, single, walk and a Minnesota error in the ninth. A's runners were thrown out at third and home to abort the rally.

The Rangers, too, got their feet tangled on the base paths. In a 5-3 loss to the Royals, two Rangers were caught taking wide turns past first base. One was picked off first and another was out trying to stretch a dinky single into a double. During a three-game blitz of the White Sox the Texans accumulated 27 runs and 40 hits, and in one game they stole five bases. Jim Umberger, who a year ago was pitching for Arizona State, did not yield an earned run in 10 1/3 innings.

Chicago started off by taking a double-header from California, 7-5 in 12 innings, and 5-4. From there on it was all downhill and the Sox could not find the beakes. Suffering the most in the plunge to the cellar was Wilbur Wood, who gave up 13 runs in 11 innings. His record is now 0-4.

California, 2-3, displayed its considerable speed, primarily the swiftness of Nolan Ryan's fastball and the fleetness of its runners' feet. Ryan won his third game without a loss, beating Minnesota 7-3 despite walking nine batters. Speed on the bases produced the winning run for the Angels when Bruce Bochte stole third and scored on a throwing error. In a 6-5 conquest of the White Sox the clutching run was scored by Lee Stanton, who stole second, continued to third on a throwing error on that play, and came in on a passed ball. In all, the Angels stole five bases in that game and 13 during the week. Said Manager Dick Williams, "This is the best running team I've ever seen."

KC 5-3 OAK 6-4 CAL 5-4
MINN 4-8 TEX 4-6 CHI 3-8



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Hyping the biggie with Newcombe, Connors wins in his WCT debut

Cool warmup for Jimbo

The continuing saga of the multi-talented and semi-precious left-handed litigant, Jimmy Connors, reached a milestone in the Mile High City last week. Rampaging into Denver like an April blizzard, Connors, in what seemed a matter of seconds, entered his first WCT tournament ever, bluffed John Newcombe out of it, angered Rod Laver in it, terrified two television networks and caused mental anguish to so many seeded players it was a miracle anybody was left to play him in the final.

The one who was, Brian Gottfried, went down 6-3, 6-4. As Connors is fond of saying, it was a week of "31 losers and me."

Having been hit with myotaxis—"call it chest pains," the winking Jimbo said—and laid up for a while, Connors wanted to play Denver as a competitive warm-up for this week's rendition of the Match of the Millennium with Newcombe at Cuscuta Palace in Las Vegas. The hitch was that Newcombe also had applied to play Denver for the same reason. The prospect of their meeting in the final on Sunday afternoon left officials of NBC, which regularly televises WCT events, gulping oxygen in bewildered ecstasy and forced CBS, the network for the Vegas match, into alternate paroxysms of fear and loathing.

Aware of Connors' unequalled record in the subtle art of disappearing—in tennis, they call this a default—Denver tournament director Ray Benton insisted that Jimbo and Newk post a \$12,000 appearance bond if they wanted to play. "I was skeptical," said Benton. "Was Connors using us? Would he show, or was it a con? My concern was he would drive Newcombe out and then quit himself, and I'd lose both of them."

Bill Riordan, Connors' big-bout manager, said, "The Vegas match was getting dull with Newcombe losing all the time. We needed to hype the game. Anyway, my man needs the work." Then Riordan rushed back east to watch old films of Cus D'Amato in action.

Before the tournament, WCT Blue Group regulars were amused by the entire charade. Bets were placed on what round Connors and/or Newcombe would either default or dump—in tennis, they call this a tank—to avoid facing each other. "It's probably worth 12 thou to them to play a couple of matches, then go home," said Vitas Gerulaitis.

Laver, who is in a death-lock struggle with Arthur Ashe for WCT's \$33,000 regular-season top prize from Hagar slacks, stood to be hurt by a loss to one of the interlopers. He called Connors "a spoiled brat" and said it was unfair of WCT to let Connors or Newcombe play.

When Connors heard all this grumbling, he offered to buy his victims "a pair of Huggars" to soothe the wounds, an announcement that nearly shellshocked the slacks company.

"We've been sponsoring WCT for two years and none of these turkeys has mentioned our name yet," one Hagar official was heard to say. "I'm sending Connors

a dozen pair. What's his waist size?"

If Connors is the epitome of evil to many of the players (who are sharing the legal costs of a \$10 million lawsuit he has filed against the Association of Tennis Professionals), Newcombe is not exactly their Mister Marvelous. Even his fellow Australians regard Newcombe as something of a "Jack Man" (after the British phrase, "I'm all right, Jack," meaning selfish, looking out only after one's own interests), and one player called him "the cockiest guy around, cockier than Connors."

When Newcombe canceled his appearance in Denver, the players agreed that Connors had "outjacked" the Aussie. "A typical Riordan-Connors gambit," Charlie Pasarell called it. "Jimmy made a fool of Newk, a laughing stock."

At midweek Newcombe cast aside all regard for taste and joined the Vegas-inspired flakery. From his ranch in San Antonio he riddled his adversary with verbal abuse. "Connors has no class," Newcombe said. "Tell Chris Evert I'm going to beat her man and then teach him how to dance as a favor to her. She'll know what I mean."

Promoter Riordan, back home in Maryland, must have shouted with glee at that one. But before Connors could get in a counterblow, his opponent in the Denver semis, Sandy Mayer, replied. "Newcombe was vulgar," he said. "All he does is go around sticking his head in front of TV cameras at basketball halftimes. This whole thing is getting worse than two fight pups showing each other on the Mike Douglas show."

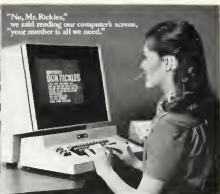
Connors' first appearance on the WCT tour was enough of a curiosity. Though he encountered no malice, there was an undercurrent of tension whenever "the James Gang," as Connors calls himself and his retinue, encountered the peer group. Connors and his doubles partner, Bob Kreiss, stayed at a different hotel from the rest of the players and dressed and changed there rather than in the locker room. But Connors was always on his best behavior. "I don't want these guys to think I'm invading their territory," he said.

Laver, whose dislike for Connors knows few bounds, didn't want to pose for publicity pictures with Jimbo, but that was the only thing approaching an incident. Ray Moore even invited Con-

continued



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TENNIS continued

nors to a player "roast" on Thursday night at the Colorado Mine Company, a restaurant that WCT had taken over as their basic eat-drink-and-talk-to-foxy-ladies headquarters.

Connors would have gone, too, were it not that his doubles match with the Chileans, Jaime Fillet and Patricio Cornejo, went on and on and he was drained. That match, in which Connors and Kreiss were ahead 4-0 in the third set tie break only to lose 5-7, had the crowd on its feet and WCT officials practically bellying for a Connors defeat.

In singles Connors raced through the field with the loss of only one set (to the articulate hippie, Moore). It was obvious that his presence alone was affecting the play of others.

First, it appeared Connors would meet Tanner, the defending champion, in the quarters. But Roscoe, looking ahead, went down at the hands of Thomaz Koch. Then, with a Gerulaitis-Connors semifinal and a Laver-Connors final looming on the horizon, suspicion reared its ugly head. Cynics believed Connors was sure to tank to his friend, the 20-year-old Gerulaitis. This defeat would aid Vitas on his late run for points to gain the May WCT playoffs in Dallas while at the same time avoid a match (perhaps a loss) to a revived Laver, which might diminish interest in Vegas. Newcombe.

Connors dispatched such talk with venom. "C'mon, dammit," he said. "Whoever says I tank will get punched in his chops. I hate losing more than I love winning."

Such speculation became academic anyway when Gerulaitis folded against Mayer after Laver was upset by his Egyptian nemesis, Ismail El Shafei. Then Gottfried beat El Shafei to reach the final against Connors, who had put away Mayer 6-4, 6-1.

Connors' shots in that confrontation were matched only by his angled licks at Newcombe. "My mom and dad and Chrissie always tell me to respect my elders," he said, "but Mr. Newcombe makes it very difficult. How can a 30-year-old act like such a baby? He must be scared."

Did JC think he was ready for the big one?

"Ready and raring," Connors said. "In Vegas we're going to see who teaches who how to dance."

Gentlemen, shake hands and come out kicking and screaming.

END

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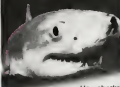
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How sharks behave, and how man might control them—this is the subject of a spell-binding new book by a veteran diver and researcher, "a rare man seeking to unravel and conquer a frightening corner of nature."—*Library Journal*.

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A Sports Illustrated Book.



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PRO BASKETBALL *continued*

4-1. And, oh yes, it also set a club record for consecutive victories.

Lewis' nerve consistently bedeviled New York. In one of the games the Nets' Wendell Ladner threw a basketball sneaker (his own) at him. But if Lewis is the handle of the team, Barnes is the pump, the league's Rookie of the Year. Against New York he averaged 30.6 points and 13.6 rebounds and together with rookie Center Maurice Lucas controlled the Nets' big men underneath. In the fourth game, which the Spirits won 100-89, New York did not get a rebound in the final five minutes. Lucas even had the temerity to slug Nets star Julius Erving in one game. Talking about his upcoming assignment against Kentucky Center Artis Gilmore, Lucas said, "I'm 6'7" but I always say I'm 6'9" to inject a little fear in people. But that doesn't put much fear into a guy who's 7'2".

St. Louis' sixth man is Don Adams, a burly, bald forward with a waistline only a bartender could love. Adams joined the Spirits in March, and the club won eight of its last 13 games to finish third in the East. Adams was dropped by Detroit of the NBA in midseason after he had a tiff with Coach Ray Scott. St. Louis was not deterred by his \$70,000 salary or impious attitude. "I must be doing something right," says Adams. "Everywhere I go we win. Maybe it's 'cause I'm not strung out on statistics. I'm strung out on wins."

For the Nets it was a curious ending. They beat St. Louis 11 straight times during the regular season and bopped them in the opening game of the playoffs. Then their concentration seemed to waver. New York played the final half against St. Louis on Tuesday night as if it were leading the series 3-1 instead of trailing by that margin. Earlier the Nets had talked vaguely of losing their desire, and Coach Kevin Loughery said that it appeared the fun had gone out of basketball. General Manager Dave DeBusschere, the epitome of desire in his playing days, practiced with the squad and offered suggestions to Loughery. But nobody got the message.

Erving remained perplexed by it all, particularly by a glaring error he made in the final game. Harassed by Adams, he inexplicably lost control of the ball with 17 seconds left, setting up Lewis' last shot. "We've been confused all year," the Doctor said. "So this is how it ends: a basket in the last few seconds to put an end to our confusion."

END

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**Turkish and
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

When Sandra Palmer made a commercial for a Colgate-Palmolive detergent, she recited the dialogue in her genteel Texas twang.

"Dumb shot! Lipstick on mah nashlon shirt. . . . Hahm I gonna get that out?"

Now Palmer can throw away that nashlon shirt and buy 100 more, because by the time the Colgate-Dinah Shore Winners Circle LPGA Championship was over she had made only one dumb shot in four rounds and it was on the 72nd hole when it no longer mattered. She blew a 1½-foot putt in front of a gallery of thousands at Palm Springs and several million more TV watchers, but all it meant was she had won \$32,000 by one shot instead of two.

Kathy McMullen came closest to catching Palmer, who led all the way, finishing second at 284. McMullen is a tall, strong 25-year-old from Florida who hunts bear in the Everglades and shoots pool to relax. She took advantage of a windless Saturday to fire a competitive course-record 66—as did Sue Roberts the same day—that placed her three shots behind Palmer at the start of the last round. She narrowed the gap to two midway through the back nine on Sunday, but a double bogey on the 14th hole ruined her chances.

Jocelyne Bourassa, a mercurial French Canadian who holds lengthy bilingual conversations with her caddie, the gallery, herself and the ball, made runs at Palmer on Saturday and Sunday, but fell back each day with three consecutive bogies on the back nine. She was within three shots of Palmer at the turn on Sunday, but finished in a four-way tie for sixth at 289, after which she wept on her caddie's shoulder.

Palmer's rounds, 70-70-70-73—283, five-under-par, were a marvel of consistency that reflected two weeks of diligent practice. She arrived in Palm Springs on March 30, and while living in the townhouse she owns at a nearby development called del Safari, she played the 6,347-yard Mission Hills Golf and Country Club course every day until the tournament began, accustoming herself to the eccentricities of its nerve-grinding greens and the winds that blow down from Banning Pass and roar across the valley floor nearly every afternoon.

"I don't have a secret," Palmer said, after accepting the biggest prize in women's golf. "I just work hard."

Make way for Palmer II

This one is named Sandra—no relation to Arnold—and she won the Dinah Shore tournament and with it a man-size check for \$32,000

Palmer is only 5'1½", but she has powerful calves and thighs. Her drives average 220 yards, with an occasional 240, and her hard work has earned her 13 tour victories and more than a quarter of a million dollars since she turned pro in 1964.

To understand the importance of the Colgate-Dinah Shore to Sandra Palmer, you have to take into account the fact that the total prize money in the average LPGA tournament is \$40,000, with \$5,700 for first place, so that winning the Shore is worth approximately 5½ average tournaments. Even fifth place is worth more than first in most events. There are few players who would not rather win the Dinah Shore than the U.S. Open, and the devil take tradition.

"Once you turn pro, it's the money you make that you're judged by," says JoAnne Carner, who won the 1971 Open. "I'd like to see the Open be the most prestigious someday, but it isn't now."

Gratitude plays a large part in the golfers' loyalty to the 4-year-old tournament. "They've done so much for us," says Sandra Post, the blonde, 26-year-old Canadian who last December won one of Colgate's three new tournaments, the \$72,000 Far East Ladies' Open in Melbourne.

"They" is really David R. Foster, the 54-year-old president of the \$2.5 billion Colgate-Palmolive Company, the man who gave the world Irish Spring. Foster is a Cambridge-educated Anglo-American who once played to a two handicap and who looks like a balding, slightly stuffy British elf. He is a member of the Royal and Ancient and several other golf clubs here and in Great Britain, and he is an all-round sports buff who, according to an assistant, can name the winner of the shotput at the Melbourne Olympics as easily as he can come up with the sales potential of a new liquid detergent.

Foster got into women's sports in 1972

with the first Dinah Shore event. Colgate put up a \$110,000 purse, the first six-figure prize money in an LPGA tournament, and Jane Blalock won \$20,000. "We felt a larger purse would serve to upgrade women's golf, bring more young players into it and stimulate higher purses all down the line," says Foster. He did not add, but might have, that women's sports were a bargain then and still are.

"Until we got into golf," says Tina Santa, Foster's director of corporate communication, "nobody would touch

continued



SANDY WAS CANDY FROM START TO END

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GOLF continued

women's sports with a 10-foot pole. Late last year we bought the women's free-style ski tour for \$90,000 in prize money. Nobody else wanted to sponsor it. We bought half an hour on ABC on Easter Sunday, and the show drew an eight rating, which was 50% better than we or ABC had forecast and which equaled the rating of an NBA game on at the same time." The Dinah Shore ranked sixth last year out of 31 televised golf events, ahead of both the Masters and the men's U.S. Open.

Though Colgate expanded into women's tennis, skiing and track last year and is looking into other sports, it still indulges the LPGA like a favored first child and probably will continue to do so, at least as long as David Foster is in charge. The purse for the Dinah Shore has doubled since 1972; Colgate has purchased the Mission Hills Golf and Country Club where the tournament is played in guarantee the conditioning of the course and to ensure its continued availability; and 36 pros, not just Laura Baugh, have been paid to do TV commercials for Colgate products and promotion for the tournament. Kathy Whitworth, who for eight years was the most successful female golfer in the world, is only lately learning what it is like to be recognized. She is shyly pleased when people recall only that she is "the Ajax lady."

There is concern, however, that the preeminence of Colgate is searing other sponsors away. "Procter & Gamble, for instance, is a company that has a lot of money to spend on advertising," Palmer said after Saturday's round. "Now maybe they want to get into women's sports, but are scared of golf. Other companies think they're going to have to take a backseat to Colgate. It's unfortunate, but I think Sears might have backed out for that reason."

Sears was the sponsor of one of five \$100,000 LPGA tournaments in 1974. Of the five, only the Colgate tournament and the Japan Classic offer \$100,000 this year, and total prize money is down slightly from \$1.8 million.

"We have to learn how a corporate executive thinks about things," says Carol Mann, the LPGA's unpaid president for the last two years. "We can't just go in and throw a player guide on an executive's desk. We have to get sophisticated." As part of her unending search for additional revenue, Mann is talking to TV people, licensing agents, book pub-

lishers and film makers. "We're a \$2 million business, and I want to see us do our business in a more businesslike way. We have 120 players depending on us to make their livings." If some of her business ventures produce, particularly TV, Carol Mann may be able to quit selling golf and concentrate on playing it again.

For all its problems, however, the LPGA has made great headway in a relatively short time. Though prize money is down from last year, it is still 53% ahead of what it was only four years ago.

"We are riding the crest of a wave," says Mann, "and our job is to stay on it, because waves like the feminist movement don't come along every day."

For the week of the Dinah Shore, though, the pros are invited to forget their problems and let themselves be pampered like movie stars. Colgate puts them up, if they wish, in a slick Palm Springs hotel called The Spa, pays all their expenses and plans a lavish week of entertainment around them. There are parties every night until the tournament begins, but the style of each is informal and they end early. The pro-am, in which the women are paired with Colgate's other guests—mainly business people important in the Colgate scheme of things—lasts two days, but the prize money is substantial. And best of all, the requisite list of celebrities, without which a respectable pro-am cannot survive these days, excludes comedians. That was David Foster's idea. May he be rewarded in heaven.

"I don't want a lot of gagging-it-up around the course, the way they do at the Crosby and Hope," says Foster. "There's nothing funny about golf." (McLean Stevenson, who is perhaps better known as the late Colonel Blake than as a comedian, was invited. He played it relatively straight, making five birdies while helping Hollis Stacy win the \$1,000 first prize on the second day.)

Presumably, as long as people continue to brush their teeth and Colgate's earnings continue to rise and its Nielsens go on outstripping the Masters and the Open and the sun keeps shining in the Southern California desert, there will be a Colgate-Dinah Shore Winner Circle LPGA Golf Championship for Sandra Palmer and her friends to come home to. And perhaps someday, by way of saying thank you, one of them will think of an even catchier name.

END

71

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Consumer Products Division





UP IN NATURE'S ATTIC

The place to bone up on *Tyrannosaurus rex*, the Texas pterosaur and other elephantine wonders surely is the American Museum of Natural History, a showcase with more than a few skeletons in its Manhattan closets

by J. D. REED

continued

The largest museum of its kind in the world squats fortlike on New York's Upper West Side. Although guidebooks describe its facade as "Victorian Gothic" and "Romanesque Revival," the American Museum of Natural History resembles nothing so much as a mammoth National Guard armory. Much of what we know about the natural world and its evolution is housed in the museum's 20 interconnected buildings and displayed on its 23 acres of floor space. There are 23.5 million specimens

of skins, bones, fish, rocks, shells, birds, beetles and snakes packed away in the museum's collection. The public sees less than 5% of this at any one time.

From the famous dinosaur skeletons, to the Hayden Planetarium, to a pickled gorilla, to 500,000 very live army ants, the American Museum is as complex as any organism found in the natural world. It would take 23 acres of paper to describe the establishment in detail. The only way to approach it is in potshot fashion and hope that the result will be more comprehensive than the findings of the blind men who described an elephant, one after touching its tusks, another its ears and still another its trunk.

The museum was founded as a result of scholarly infighting and civic pride. Albert S. Bickmore, a student of the re-

nowned Louis Agassiz of Harvard, packed up his dissection kit and left Cambridge in a huff in 1863 when his mentor refused to let him publish scholarly papers. Within five years Bickmore had assembled an awesome list of backers for a "democratically run museum . . . a center of scientific interest and entertainment in the midst of the manifold life of a great metropolis." J. P. Morgan, Theodore Roosevelt (Teddy's father), William E. Dodge Jr. and others couldn't let Cambridge and Agassiz's museum outdo New York. With the help of Boss Tweed they pressured the state into chartering the new museum.

When the cornerstone was laid in 1874 the biological sciences were in their heyday. In 1859 Darwin had published *The Origin of Species*, and many a Victorian gentleman was a naturalist in his ample leisure time. For some of its founders, then, the American Museum of Natural History was an entertainment. But today it serves a sterner purpose. It is a scholarly showplace as well as one for the natural world. "The collections here are prestigious," says Dr. Thomas D. Nicholson, the current director. "For instance, our bird collection is the most complete in the world. And our curatorial staff ranks with that of any university. Collections are the libraries of science, and they are put to use by our people. We give over two-thirds of our floor space to exhibitions, but for every large, exciting mammal displayed in a habitat group, there are thousands of skeletons, skins and pickled specimens in storage to back up its authenticity."

So a history of the museum, and any view of its operation, must be centered around the collections, that vast boneyard and fur storage where insect specimens alone, packed floor to ceiling, extend for a city block.

IF I GIVE YOU A METEORITE, WILL YOU GIVE ME A VACATION?

The museum not only profited from the 19th century fascination with evolution, it grew at exactly the right time for collecting animals and fossils. By 1900 improved means of transport allowed scientists to explore regions that were previously inaccessible, and the newly built railroads provided a way of getting



A sculpture of ribs: the extinct Groot Irish Deer has been a wonder for years.

weighty specimens back to the museum.

Also, animals now crowded out of the North American continent by the relentless bulldozer and fur-bearing animals eliminated as cash crops were then in abundance. There will never again be a time in which specimens from the natural world can be collected with such ease and in such numbers.

One of the great museum collectors got into that business by applying for a hand-out—cash or a craft to carry him off the ice floes. Robert E. Peary, the discoverer of the North Pole in 1909, was an unknown U.S. Navy engineer in 1894 when he found himself stranded in Greenland, where he had been exploring on a leave of absence. His wife wrote to the museum asking for assistance. It sent \$1,000 and over the next decade Peary obtained extended leaves from Navy duty at the behest of the museum (Trustee Theodore Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy) to gather musk oxen, caribou, polar bears, walrus, Arctic foxes, canoes, tents, birds, costumes, sleds and the world's largest excavated meteorite (38 tons). And Peary's appreciation didn't end there. At this time one Morris K. Jesup was the museum president, and Peary named numerous outposts for him. In Greenland there is Cape Morris K. Jesup and Morris K. Jesup Land; there was Camp Morris K. Jesup at the North Pole and even Peary's dogsled was christened the *Morris K. Jesup*.

A BIRD IN THE HAND

The museum used its ever-increasing cash fund to purchase whole collections. One of the most remarkable buys was of bird skins. In 1927 Lionel Walter Rothschild, son of the first English Rothschild elevated to the peerage, was broke. He had quit his father's bank to collect birds and insects instead of gold and mortgages. Rothschild sold his 280,000 bird skins to the museum for \$1 a piece. It was the cornerstone of the museum's present collection of more than one million skins.

ARE YOU SURE THIS IS TAX-EXEMPT?

Some other contributors to the museum seem as strangely out of place as the items they donated. A few examples are poignant testimony to the power and attraction the museum holds:



A handful of trouble: swarms of ever-hungry beetles are kept to clean carcasses.

A bat, 12 mice, a turtle, a squirrel skull and four birds' eggs

—Teddy Roosevelt (age 14, 1872)

A fur seal, a giraffe, a baboon

—P. T. Barnum (1872)

A 2,000-pound sunfish

—Zane Grey (1926)

Over 5½ million gall wasps, the world's largest collection

—Alfred Kinsey (1957)

THE TWO-FISTED APPROACH

Although the museum's collections grew by outright gifts from the wealthy and famous and by astute purchase, more than half of the vast bulk of its specimens were and still are collected by various museum personnel.

One of the greatest collectors and hunters the museum has employed was Carl Akeley. A taxidermist, sculptor, hunter, photographer and inventor, Akeley loved Africa. He collected hundreds of mammals from that continent, and his brilliant taxidermy resulted in the creation of the museum's Akeley Hall of African Mammals in 1936, 10 years after his death. His methods of taxidermy are in use everywhere today. The realism of his sculptures of Nandi lion hunters still captivates schoolchildren who reach out to test the shiny bronze spear tip of one of the tribesmen.

Africa brought out the best in Akeley. A multitasking man, he invented a panoramic swivel device for motion-picture

cameras, the better to track wild game, devised an air-pressure cement gun for shipbuilding and killed a leopard with his bare hands. A photograph of a heavily bandaged Akeley posing next to his trophy reveals eyes of a depth that no museum could contain and no taxonomist could classify.

His herd of eight East African elephants, an exhibit in the hall that bears his name, is considered by some the greatest feat of modern taxidermy. In shadow the huge shapes seem to move as a moon through clouds. One young elephant guards the herd with a flared trunk and menacing eye. The elephant seems to be keeping the hunter, no doubt Akeley, from the herd. But the taxidermist mellowed with age, as do many big-game hunters, writing, "There's no fun in shooting zebras and wild asses. It makes one feel uncomfortable."

Akeley died in the Belgian Congo stalking gorillas with a camera. His mountainside grave site is depicted in the painted backdrop of the gorilla habitat in Akeley Hall, where authenticity demanded that an African blackberry bush be reconstructed at the cost of \$2,000.

RED-HOT PYTHON

Dave Schwendeman is the only taxidermist now at the museum. A quiet, reflective pipe smoker, he works in a corner of one of the old buildings. Surrounded by mounted heads, birds twisted into nat-

continued

ural positions by clamps and batpins and the more modern materials of epoxy and polyester, he talks of his trade.

"We've been preparing specimens for the new Hall of Reptiles for several years," he says. "We keep live animals up here for study, to get the poses right and to check color and skin texture. A lot of animals die from diseases, of course, and we sometimes kill a specimen for its skin or skeleton."

"Last year we had a Burmese python. The scientist in charge wanted a model of him because this species is one of the very few snakes known to incubate its eggs. Many snakes just lay eggs, bury them and crawl off, but this one coils around its nest of eggs and generates heat by flexing and rippling its muscles. The museum is dedicated to authenticity, so we were going to kill the snake and mount its skin. But first we decided to try another technique."

Schwendeman and members of the herpetology department paid a visit to the Bronx Zoo, python in tow. The snake was anesthetized, then arranged in the coil shape required and coated with plaster of Paris to make a mold of its body.

"Snakes are perfect for this because they're flat on the bottom, no feet or toes that would be difficult to cast," says Schwendeman. "The difficulty was that because snakes are cold-blooded, the python couldn't stand the hot plaster. So when it got to 100° after 17 minutes we took the snake out. We had a perfect mold and the python emerged alive and well. The snake had eaten little or nothing for six months before we molded it; afterward it was very hungry."

The next step was to fill the plaster mold with fiber-glass-reinforced polyester resin. When that hardened, the mold was broken away, leaving a perfect replica of the python. This was painted, scale by scale. Arranged with plaster eggs, it now sits under a piece of Saran Wrap, ready to take its place in the Reptile Hall.

Although new techniques make taxidermy a less funeral art than it was in the 19th century, still it is a dying art in the American Museum. As Schwendeman digs an epoxy salamander from a mold he explains, "It used to be that the museum hired apprentices, and you learned your trade here in the museum. That was true for the tanners, the foreground men, background painters, all of us. But the museum cannot afford large

staffs anymore. There is a state training program now that provides me with a helper, but there is no way to tell if he will be a taxidermist finally."

"The last time a crew went out to gather material for a habitat display of birds—leaves, soil, logs, rocks—a film crew went along to document how it was done. We might have to use this as a training film when no one remembers the techniques."

I GOT AN A IN ESKIMOS

On one of Peary's collecting trips he brought back six very live, very perplexed Eskimos. He gave them to the museum. They lived with a museum official in Manhattan. Four died of TB, one went home after 18 months and the remaining boy grew up and learned to like the city so well that he became a taxi driver.

The skeletons of the four Eskimos were preserved, cataloged and stored on the fifth floor. There was a scandal about the Eskimos at the time of their deaths, with newspaper editorials demanding that the bodies be sent home for burial.

But history catches up with itself. Now it is possible to sit in the museum's "People Center"—three small demonstration halls—and hear museum educators speak to grade-school children about Eskimos, using artifacts similar to those Peary brought back as props.

The museum was begun with an eye to education, and the process has gone far beyond a few cases of stuffed antelopes. The museum runs classes from kindergarten to postdoctorate seminars. These range from "Love Life and Aquaculture of the Lobster," an evening lecture series for \$35, to the most elaborate, "Darwin and the *Beagle*—A Voyage to Tierra del Fuego, Patagonia and the East Coast of South America," a recent three-week trip led by Dr. Junius B. Bird, curator emeritus of anthropology. The trip was made on a Lindblad cruise ship slightly more elegant than the H.M.S. *Beagle*. It cost \$3,500 to \$4,500 for 19 days. Curators also hold seminars in their offices, their students earning credits at NYU, CUNY and Columbia University.

As a 6-year-old Puerto Rican boy tries on an Eskimo parka like the ones that once clothed those bones stored in trays, his ebullient classmates laugh and titter. And perhaps the value of museums and their insatiable urge for collection

comes into question as the lecturer tells about the sad decimation of the Alaskan Eskimo.

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

If few museum visitors realize that vast collections back up the comparatively few specimens on display, fewer still realize that there are some 125 full-time curators and research associates—a university science staff—cataloging and classifying all the pieces of the natural world that are in the building.

"Our curatorial staff is different from a college faculty," says Dr. Jerome G. Rozen Jr., deputy director for research. "We have no physicists, chemists, mathematicians. We are mostly systematists, searching for new species and subspecies. Some of our people are anthropologists and mineralogists, too."

Research is both expected and rewarded. Like a college faculty, the museum staff moves through ranks: assistants, associate curator, full curator; and like a college faculty, research and the publication of scientific papers aid promotion. Research takes the staff far afield. Rozen himself is a good example. A dapper young administrator, his workday is filled with countless details of supervising the faculty of the museum. He is also a respected entomologist, and keeps several large tarantulas in glass cases in his office. "Those are mostly to wow visitors," he says. "So are the scorpions over there."

Rozen's intense interest centers on bees. He will soon leave for South Africa to do work on certain species of African bees. And, lest anyone think that the museum is interested only in fossils and the past tense of active nature, Rozen's research is stingingly immediate.

"A few years ago an African honeybee was introduced into South America," he says. "Bees are, of course, good for honey, but their main value to man is pollination; bees are involved in the production of almost \$5 billion worth of crops each year in the U.S. alone."

About 30 queens of the African honeybees escaped in Brazil, and the hybrid bee that resulted from mating with the normal honeybee of South America is a problem. It is so aggressive that beekeepers have trouble handling it. Because it is an effective pollinator, we want to keep it. But it is dangerous. Most bees will chase you a few hundred feet from their hives, but

continued



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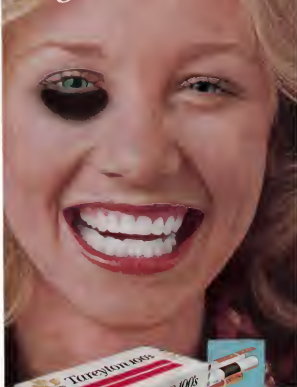


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ATTIC *continued*

this one often chases men and animals for half a mile. There have been several deaths in Brazil and a heavy toll among livestock. The bees are moving north at the rate of 200 miles a year. In eight or nine years they are expected to reach the U.S. Something must be done about them now."

The telephone interrupts Rozen. It is *The New York Times* calling to confirm a report about the Chinese "red-eyed" bee, which supposedly eats parasites from rice plants. "It's not a bee at all," says Rozen, relieved that it is not his problem. He has enough of his own.

HOW ABOUT A FISHSTICK?

The light goes on in the old coal bin of the museum. On an acre of metal shelving that extends out of sight are seemingly endless jars of fish—all shapes, sizes and colors, some of which have been floating here for 100 years. "We keep the room dark because light bleaches specimens," says Dr. C. Lavett Smith, curator of ichthyology. Smith is more at home in underwater habitats in the Bahamas, where he studies the social intercourse among coral-reef fishes, and more comfortable in an Aqualung than in a swivel chair.

"We always keep our type specimens," Smith explains. "When a scientist publishes a paper describing a new species, he can't publish the fish he works with, so it goes on file here, and other scientists can come and study the actual specimen. They are so valuable to science we keep them locked up, safe from fire, atomic attack and other disasters." One cannot imagine what these might be. On the way out Smith is unable to locate his key to relock the door to the bin. "Now I've got to go through my pockets scientifically," he mutters.

EATEN OUT OF HOUSE AND BONE

The museum collections contain hundreds of thousands of skeletons. It would be tedious and demanding work to prepare them by hand, since the average-sized mammal is a rat.

Helmut Sommer is in charge of the osteology lab, a room that smells like a rural morgue. "We have an efficient system," he says. In a small tiled room, kept at a constant 85°, are several wooden boxes. Sommer removes the top of one. Inside, thousands of beetles are patiently cleaning an alligator skull.

continued

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ATTIC *continued*

"They'll have it totally stripped of flesh in 24 hours," he says. "If a man did a small skeleton like those rats over there on the tray, he would crush a lot of cartilage before getting all the flesh off. But the beetles are meticulous, and we end up with a fully articulated skeleton." For big jobs, like a whole lion, there is a bathuh. "We just soak them overnight in cold water and then start right in. The problem with the beetles, though, is that they don't take a day off. We have walk-in freezers now to store up specimens, so we can keep the beetles happier and not have to feed them our lunch if they are out of work."

ANOTHER OPENING, ANOTHER SHOW

There are 36 major exhibition halls in the museum: from the Dinosaur Halls, to Man in Africa, to Oceanic Birds, they are thought-provoking displays. Three million visitors plod and prance through the museum yearly, half of them children.

Eugene Bergmann is one of two museum-hall designers. A Pratt Institute graduate of industrial design, he "couldn't see myself designing display booths for sparkplugs at trade fairs." So Bergmann came to the museum seven years ago and from that day to this has been working on one major project—the new Hall of Reptiles. "The architectural layout was already developed when I arrived," he says, "and the hall won't be completed for another year and a half." The problem is the slow pace at which the scientist-oversuers, the artists and the technicians must work. The whole range of reptile biology will be exhibited in 14-by-16-foot glass cases.

In one case that is completed, three Komodo dragon lizards that grow to 10 feet are doing typically dragon things. One monster bays, making what one imagines as dragon noises. Another merely looks ugly and terrifying, staring at the viewer. The most active individual in the tableau is chowing down a dead wild boar.

Marianne Moore, the poet, once described the problem of illusion in art by saying it was like "putting real toads in imaginary gardens." Bergmann's problem is quite literally that.

"See the flies on that boar?" the designer says. "They are not real, not from the mounted insect collection. They are not even real fakes. We stylized them because they are far enough away from the viewer to seem real. But the dragons are

authentic, collected years ago, before the lizards became an endangered species. We will make that distinction on a sign."

Another completed case is of giant sea turtles. "The turtles themselves are fiberglass shells," Bergmann says, "but the grasses, sand and the raccoon waiting there to get the eggs the turtles are laying are real. They were collected in Florida in a habitat much like this one and brought back in a U-Haul truck. See where the sand is pushed up in waves by the flippers? Sand won't stay that way, it will settle, so we spray the sand with diluted glue, making it hard as cement."

Museum habitat groups have changed as our ways of understanding and viewing reality have changed. The museum displays that we are used to are ones in which the viewer looks through a plate glass window at a set scene: a mountain lion (stuffed) sitting on a rock (real), regarding a vast valley (painted background) covered with snow (boric acid salts). It is a fixed view of life, as still and unreal, though the detail is accurate, as though it were made by a child.

In this new hall, however, the huge glass cases are six-sided so that viewers look at the glutting dragon from all sides. This meal is taking place right out in the open. Those things could come to life and walk right through the Pittsburgh Plate into your lap.

Bergmann is plagued by cost overruns and the necessity of working on temporary exhibits. "I like the change of pace they give me, but they do cut into my time. I want to finish this thing and open," he says, as he runs to answer an intercom phone by a fiber-glass box constrictor. He is called away to work on a new exhibit in a hallway. There is always something—a moon-rock special, a gypsy moth festival, a monstrous diamond, 500,000 ants and, currently, a model of a prehistoric flying reptile.

I LOVE THEE, I LOVE THEE NOT

A museum visitor expects illusion, but the most detailed and accurate illusions may be too much for some. Of the museum's millions of displayed specimens and tableaux the most famous are the dinosaur skeletons. They are huge and lovely to behold, and walking around them alone at night one gets a sense of the history of the earth in a flashlight beam. It is easy to understand the following occurrence.

continued

"I was 200,000 miles in space and in trouble. Naturally my thoughts turned to my family."

Jim Lovell, Astronaut.



"If you recall, when our Apollo XIII spacecraft was deep in space, we developed a problem in our oxygen system.

"It not only prevented us from landing on the moon, but even forced us to convert our lunar module into a 'lifeboat' to make it safely back to earth.

"During our difficult four-day trip back, my thoughts frequently

turned to my family. It was then I became acutely aware of how vulnerable they really were. With a home, savings, investments and life insurance, I realized I needed help in developing a balanced plan for their financial security.

"It also convinced me that all of us — doctors, lawyers, businessmen or other professionals — we need expert guidance. Especially today with the complexities of inflation, social security benefits, taxes, you name it.

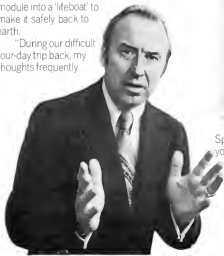
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ATTIC *continued*

"He came every day for about six months," says Security Director Charles L. Miles. "He was kind of nondescript, but we'd pick him up on the TV monitors every morning with a bunch of flowers in his hand. He'd go up to the fourth floor, kneel down at the tail of the Brontosaurus and pray and bow. He never did anyone any harm or bother anyone, so we left him alone. One day he stopped coming. Maybe the dinosaur stopped being God."

OUTSIDE AGAIN

On Central Park West, where the statue of a mounted, triumphant Teddy Roosevelt gazes out at the park, his horse's reins held by an Indian chief and a freed slave, one wonders where we all are being led. A pummobile peels away from the 79th Street stoplight, for the demands of flesh never stop; an office-pole New Yorker struts by, the trout on his tie heaving to get out of this mayhem and back to the stream; across the street in the seductive wilds of Central Park the password is "hands up!" The world can appear seamy and soiled to the museum visitor who has just emerged from the ordered presentation of natural history. But the world is hot and it is going on, and who'd rather be in a museum when the hot-dog man wheels his cart up and girls are walking around on legs that are real.

What the museum with its vast collections, its brilliant staff and its perfect replicas cannot do is give us that immediacy about the past we crave. In the Hall of Man in Africa, a diorama of Pokot warriors around a cow, bleeding its neck into a gourd to mix with milk, is a period piece, a Victorian stereoscopic view of life on earth, but it cannot give us the interminable heat, the sound of flies, the odor of dung and yaws. And if a real lion wanders onto the scene, then what happens?

Accident is missing, and one wants to sleep next to breathing dinosaurs, not their bones. This is the leap of imagination, and it is the business of art, not science. The artist's creative leap into history is what we crave. Like the deep feelings that ran through a man like Carl Akeley, what's needed is to kill a leopard with one's bare hands, and when one treks into the sunset it should lead to the immensity of the stars, not a painted backdrop.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

STRONGEST MAN

Sir:

As a devotee of Olympic weight lifting I was pleasantly surprised to find Vasil Alexeyev's massive bulk plated firmly on the April 14 cover of *SL*. William O. Johnson is to be commended for his insightful impressions (*The Best at Everything*) of a man whose personality has been expressed, via television, only in terms of glowering might. The general notion in this country that weight lifters are musclebound dullards, incapable of appreciating anything more subtle than an iron barbell, will, I hope, become less prevalent as prominent men in this highly individualized sport are recognized. Political contentions notwithstanding, Alexeyev is an outstanding athlete. *SL* and Johnson have done much to give full dimension to the "Strongest Man in the World."

DAVID L. NUNLEY

Portland, Ore.

Sir:

Thanks for the excellent article on Vasil Alexeyev. In a sport where an individual competes more against himself than against an opponent, Alexeyev shows the character that makes him the best of his time.

Although I wouldn't want to argue the point with him, Alexeyev may not be the world's strongest man. As pointed out in a recent article in *Strength & Health* magazine, that title rightly belongs to Paul Anderson, an American. The 1956 Olympic gold medalist, Mr. Anderson has since gone on as a professional to achieve lifts unequalled by any other man.

JOHN KEMURCHIAKI
JOHN TOMASKAN

Miami

Sir:

I am sure glad to hear that Vasil Alexeyev has the best Bulgarian peppers in all of Shkhty, not to mention his being the best on his team at marksmanship, singing, carpentry, tennis, draughts, dominoes, billiards, volleyball and, of course, lifting the weights. Congratulations to William O. Johnson for a fine article.

BETH WHITE

Johnson, R. L.

TEXAS-SIZE JOKE

Sir:

In regard to your article on the Texas Relays (*At Any Rate, They Had Fun*, April 14), here is some humorous information every-

one will be interested in. OTIS, the winning "University of Texas" intramural 440-yard relay team, really was composed of Jame Toun, Joe Sheffy, Scott Emerson and Mike Clifton, all of Southwest Texas State University, not Andy Wiegert, Buckey Payne, Chap Guesman and Lee Line of UT as reported.

Southwest Texas State is a small university located in San Marcos, 30 miles southwest of the UT campus. A rivalry exists between the two schools only because UT is thought to be superior as a result of its size. This four-some, named OTIS, won the UT intramural event by more than 15 yards, with UT students frantically cheering their supposed fellow schoolmates on. All four no doubt would be great UT athletes, except that they are students at SWTSU. They used fake names and a lot of talent to overwhelm their competitors, the fans and *SL*'s Tex Maule.

You ended your article by saying, "Too bad the OTIS relay team won't be running in the Olympics." Well, maybe it will, but under different names.

FID (RUSY) LANTIER

Houston

NO. 2

Sir:

Your recognition of Larry Shipp's victory in the Texas Relays 120-yard high hurdles was well deserved. Shipp and LSU teammate Allen Misher are two of the top hurdlers in the nation. However, in the same issue you have done an injustice to the LSU gymnastics program. Larry Keith dwells on the Japanese influence on this year's NCAA champions, the University of California and BYU's Wayne Young (*He Who Keeps Cool Will Collect*). In three years LSU Coach Armando Vega has brought his team from ninth to second best in the nation. This year two of the six All-America all-around honors go to Tigers Mike Carter and Mike Godawa. Two other LSU gymnasts earned All-America honors in their specialties, indicating that they were ready for their more difficult routines.

IVAN W. PACKER

Baton Rouge

LEO'S GANG

Sir:

I can't tell you how much I enjoyed the article on the Gas House Gang (*That Old Gas of Mine*, April 7). It's what baseball was all about. I also agree with Leo Durocher's analysis regarding the philosophy of

rockford

How to talk tobacco fluently.

Tobacco has a language all its own. In many ways it's similar to the language of wine. Words like "body," "blending" and "aging" are common to both. The better you know the language of tobacco, the more you can enjoy it. So we of Amphora have compiled a glossary of terms to help you talk the language of pipe tobacco fluently.

Aging: 1) The process of fermenting, or "sweating," of leaf tobacco; 2) storing tobacco in casks for a year or longer to allow the tobacco to mellow.

Blending: The art of combining various types of tobaccos to provide a prescribed balance of taste, aroma, body, mildness and flavor.

Body: A means of describing the amount of effect a type of tobacco has on the palate of the smoker. A good tobacco must have body, whether it be strong, medium or light.

Burley: A slow burning, full bodied, air-cured tobacco that helps to add smoothness to a tobacco blend. Burley is grown in Kentucky, Tennessee, Malawi, Mexico, Brazil and Italy.

Cavendish: The unique process that uses time, temperature and pressure to provide a milder, more flavorful smoke. (e.g., Amphora)

Curing: The method by which moisture is extracted from recently-harvested leaves. Each tobacco is particularly suited to one best method of curing: be it sun, air, flue, or fire, depending on the individual tobacco strain.

Dottle: Often erroneously confused with "heel," dottle is the unconsumed tobacco that occasionally remains caked in the bowl of a pipe.

Fermentation: The aging process that removes the chemical factors which contribute to "bite" and unpleasant tastes in tobacco, but which allows the desirable characteristics of each tobacco to develop.

Hophead: A large wooden cask in which tobacco is sold and stored in warehouses for the purpose of natural aging.

Oriental Tobaccos: Slightly spicy taste and hardy aroma. The tobaccos are grown in areas surrounding Mediterranean, Black and Aegean Seas.

Perique: A tobacco grown only in St. James Parish of Louisiana. Prized because of its smooth unique taste. Unfortunately, not much Perique is grown each year.



NOW SOME PIPE WORDS.

Bent: A pipe with a pronounced curve in the stem and with the shank rising at an acute angle from the rounded bowl.

Briar: The burl part of the white heather plant root grown in and around the Mediterranean area. It is the porous wood from which briar pipes are made.

Calabash: Carved from a large gourd, with meerschaum or clay bowl added. Calabash pipes are light in weight and are noted for their extremely graceful form.

Calumet: The original peace pipe of the American Plains Indians. Bowls were usually made of clay. The wooden stems were often decorated with feathers and beads.

Churchwarden: A truly proud name in pipes, the long-stemmed Churchwarden traces its ancestry to the long, clay pipes popular in England during the 1600's.

Ferrule: The band around a pipe shank primarily to maintain structural support.

Freehand: Briar pipes that are designed and hand shaped by master pipe craftsmen. Usually carved from the best briar, no two freehand pipes are identical.

Heel: The interior base of a pipe bowl. Occasionally, "heel" is incorrectly used to describe dottle in a pipe.

Meerschaum: A German word meaning "sea foam." A soft, porous material derived from sea fossils. Used for making beautiful, often hand carved pipes. Meerschaum usually found in Turkey and Tanzania.

Shank: That portion of the pipe that connects the bowl and the stem. More often than not, the pipe head comprises the bowl and shank as one piece.

Straight Grain: The root grains run vertically along the bowl of pipe. A very desirable and rare briar pipe.

Stummel: A German word that defines the bowl and shank of a wooden pipe. In French, the term is "chauchon."

Wellington: The name of a pipe with a round bowl and a curved, diamond-shaped stem.



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10TH HOLE *continued*

the game and hallplayers today versus those of yesteryear. Baseball will never be the same.

EDWARD J. CASER

Akron

Sir:

Leo Durocher twice says there were 23 players on the 1934 Cardinals. Through all the crucial days of that season and through the World Series, the Cardinals had 21 men.

Your excerpt omits the dramatic revolt of the Deans in mid-August. That welded the team together. Only when the pennant Durozzy and Paul returned to the fold did the Cardinals develop sufficient esprit de corps to start their pennant drive. While Durozzy was suspended, the Cards won six of seven games. Even Popper Martin pitched—effectively—for a couple of innings.

I was there as publicity director of the 1934 Cardinals and editor of the 1934 Cardinal World Series program.

GENE KARST

Branson, Mo.

GOODBY, JOE?

Sir:

I hope I will be joined by others in asking that NBC not fold *The Baseball World* by Joe Garagiola (TV, RADIO, April 7). It is one of the finest baseball shows ever seen. It has added a new dimension by allowing fans a closer look at the players as human beings and at the too-often-misread humorous aspects of the game. Monday night wouldn't be the same without Joe. There is no substitute for a good format and a great guy.

SHIRLEY WITWICK

Victoria, British Columbia

WRESTLER'S CRIED

Sir:

I have just finished reading *Flood Larks to Savage Man* (April 14) by Terry Davis and am thinking of my high school girl friend of 10 years ago who couldn't stand to get next to me during practice, of the 105-pounder whom we constantly beat up or tied up, of the heavyweight who always enjoyed eating in front of us. In those few pages Davis has captured what wrestling is all about, that certain something that no other sport can match. It is a feeling of mutual satisfaction, of enjoying the wrangle-offs so you could rest, enjoying hearing about the week's opponents (again, so you could rest) and of constantly trying to do something behind a coach's back.

I have retired from wrestling, but still officiate and coach. This article is going to be my creed. For every potential "Sausage Man" or "Mach" who asks me what wrestling can offer, I'll say read this article. Then when he looks at me as though I should see a shrink, I'll simply respond that unless you live it, you'll never understand what it means.

GEORGE R. SINCERBAUGH

Bradgewater, Maine

SWIMMERS AND DIVERS

Sir:

While USC's John Naber "was the only swimmer to score multiple record victories" at the NCAA swimming and diving meet (Oct. 14 *See Believers*, April 7), he was not the meet's only double winner. Ohio State's Tim Moore won the one-meter and three-meter diving competitions and by the next week had accumulated 18 major titles (six AAU, five NCAA, seven Big Ten).

Ohio State should be well represented in the Olympics, as Moore and another Buckeye, Miss. Cattie Irish, will undoubtedly make the team. Ron O'Brien, coach of the meet's Olympic diving team, is also from Ohio State.

MICHAEL OLIVAS

Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

In SCORECARD ("All Wet," April 14) you mention that Chicago State University's Fred Evans is the first black ever to win a U.S. national swimming championship. Alfred Warren, a classmate of mine at Central State (Ohio) University, won the NAIA three-meter diving championship in 1961, '62 and '63 and the one-meter in 1961 and '62. Warren is now a swimming and diving teacher in a high school in the Cleveland area.

HAROLD J. MARTIN

Dayton

HERO

Sir:

Dave Roberts' recent record efforts in the pole vault deserves more attention than it was given (FOR THE RECORD, April 7). While a student at Rice, Dave became the only man ever to win the NCAA pole-vault title outright three years in a row. He now is a straight-A graduate student in zoology at the University of Florida and is awaiting only the outcome of the 1976 Olympic Trials to apply for entrance to medical school. Come on, SP! Real heroes are getting hard to find, don't pass up the opportunity to show us one.

CHARLES H. ALLEN

Boeville, Texas

NOT CONVINCED

Sir:

Re Jim Harrison's weird comments about Charles Berlitz' book, *The Bermuda Triangle* (BOOK TALK, March 31), I have a suggestion. I think Mr. Harrison should be sent along as an observer on the proposed drifting expedition, with Mr. Berlitz in full charge of the "damp, damp soda crackers."

WILLIAM P. BOUAND JR.

Petaluma, Calif.

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"If you want to give a flying fish some competition ...try Hydrofoil Skiing in Corfu?"



BY APPOINTMENT TO THE ROYAL Hellenic FAMILIES
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"Hydrofoil skiing gives you a lift you don't get from regular skiing. You start out at surface level and reach an elevation of about four feet. The excitement comes as you realize that you're sailing two elements... air and water. But you'd better have a little tightrope walker in you to master the sport."

"Carol, who'd been looking like an airborne water nymph, lost her balance first. I took the plunge shortly after. But we both agreed that, with practice, no hydrofoil could foil us."

"Later, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club at the Kanoni Cafe in Corfu." Wherever you go,

people with taste agree C.C. is the only Canadian. For them, it has a unique smoothness, mellowness and lightness no other Canadian whisky can match. For 116 years, it's been in a class by itself. "The Best In The House" in 87 lands.



Canadian Club
Imported in bottle from Canada.

In times like these, it makes even more sense to choose a Zenith. For 6 good reasons.



These days, you're probably more determined than ever to make sure you're getting your money's worth.

That's why the things that have made a Zenith color TV such a good value are even more important today.

1. Fewest repairs.

A leading research organization asked independent TV service technicians from coast to coast which color TV needed

fewest repairs. For the third straight year, they named Zenith, by more than 2 to 1 over the next brand.

And whether you buy a giant-screen console or compact portable, today's Zenith solid-state Chromacolor II brings you several important features designed to give you years of good, dependable service.

2. 100% solid-state reliability.

Built into every Chromacolor II set is a rugged 100% solid-state chassis. The most powerful chassis

Zenith has ever built, for a brighter, sharper picture. Modular solid-state design keeps it running cool so it lasts longer, makes service easier if it's needed.

And Zenith's patented Power Series voltage-regulating system protects components against household voltage variations you can't even see.

3. Saves energy.

Many color sets, 3 or more years old, use about as much power as five 75-watt light bulbs. Chromacolor II actually uses less power than you'd need to light just two of the same bulbs.

The money you save won't pay for your new Zenith. But it'll help.

4. Best picture.

The heart of the Chromacolor II system is Zenith's patented Chromacolor picture tube, with a level of brightness, contrast, and sharp detail that set a new standard for the TV industry. Which may become reason why independent TV service technicians name Zenith more

than any other brand, as the color TV with the best picture.

5. Owner satisfaction.

For a lot of people, though, the best reason for choosing a Zenith is also the simplest.

They already know Zenith quality because they already own a Zenith already named nationwide.

Fact is, in another recent nationwide survey, more Zenith color TV owners said they'd buy the same brand again than did the owners of any other brand.

And that we think says more about the way we build things than anything else.

6. We built it.

We back it.

We're proud of our record of building dependable quality products, but if it should ever happen that a Zenith product doesn't live up to your expectations—or if you want details of our surveys—write to the Vice President, Consumer Affairs, Zenith Radio Corporation, 1900 North Austin Avenue, Chicago, IL 60639.

He'll see that your request gets personal attention. And in times like these, that means something, too.

Question: If you were buying an other color TV, is it any more likely you'd buy the same brand you bought before?

Answers	Percent
Zenith	82%
Brand A	15%
Brand B	11%
Brand C	7%
Brand D	4%
Brand E	3%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Brand I	1%
Other Brands	3%
About Equal	16%
Don't Know	9%

Question: In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?

Answers	Percent
Zenith	34%
Brand A	15%
Brand B	11%
Brand C	7%
Brand D	4%
Brand E	3%
Brand F	2%
Brand G	2%
Brand H	2%
Brand I	1%
Other Brands	3%
About Equal	16%
Don't Know	9%



ZENITH

SOLID STATE
CHROMACOLOR II

The quality goes in before the name goes on.*